MAINE FARMER.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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The Maine Farmer.

N. T. TRUE, S. L. BOARDMAN, } Editors.

Our Home, Our Country, and our Brother Man.

Agricultural Fairs in Maine---1867.

[We publish below a list of those Agricultural Societies which hold exhibitions this fall, with the time and place, so far as they have come to our knowledge. The list will be kept standing, and we hope the Secretaries of Societies not mentioned below will forward us the necessary information, including name of the person who is to deliver the annual address, that our list may be corrected as early as possible, so as to include all the Societies that are to hold Fairs this season:]

New England Agricultural Society at Providence, R. I., Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th.

Kennebec Horse Association, at Augusta, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Aug. 20th, 21st and 22d.

Hancock, at Ellsworth, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 1st, 2d and 3d.

Somerset Central, at Skowhegan, Wednesday and Thursday Sept. 25th and 27th.

Waldo, at Belfast, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25th, 26th and 27th.

West Penobscot, at Kenduskeag, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24th, 25th and 26th.

Concerning Meadows.

We have had our attention directed of late to the hydrographic survey of the State, and we have wondered at the vast extent of our unoccupied water power, but there is an undeveloped extent of territory in Maine quite equal to that, in the shape of our unreclaimed meadow lands. From the point where we write may be seen not far from two thousand acres of the best of meadow lands, which may be cleared up into two immense hay fields without the necessity of a cross fence to be kept in repair, and which when once cleared will be capable of securing handsome returns without any necessary expenditure. It is rare to find a well cleared meadow in Maine. Stumps abound, while bushes spring up along the water courses and around these same stumps, causing the water to stand longer than necessary in the very best spots. A neighbor of ours was astonished the other day to see us use a horse rake on our meadow. Such a thing had never been done before on that thousand acre meadow, (we don't own it all,) but we found that on trial we could rake our hay with a wooden horse toothed rake better than on the upland. The teeth will run through a little hillock more easily than on hard upland soils. The mowing machine can be used equally well on all that meadow when properly cleared.

When a man looks at the edge of an uncleared meadow it seems formidable to him to clear up everything on it so as to have it fitted for mowing, but let him remember, if he has a good muck bed to work on, that when he once clears a square rod his work is done. He will have no future outlay to make for manure and tillage to secure a grass crop. A year soon rolls round and brings with it a pretty sure return, less fluctuating, certainly, than any other crop. In clearing up a muck meadow we believe it the cheapest in the end to cut alder, withe-wood and other similar small trees out by the roots when first clearing the land. A little practice will soon render one expert at the business, and when you have cleared an acre you will have the satisfaction of seeing a smooth surface which will soon be yielding a return for your labor. Resolution has a good deal to do in clearing a meadow. A lazy man can do nothing there, a *working* man can in a few years raise all the hay he wants if he has the meadow in his possession.

In regard to the best methods of reclaiming a meadow, different practices prevail. We have already alluded to the best methods of clearing a meadow. We carefully examined the meadow of a neighbor recently which he had just mowed for the first time. His meadow consisted of ten acres. He cut a deep ditch on each side, and after the muck was dry carted it and spread it over a portion of the meadow. He also had a deep ditch cut adjacent to the upland through a cold sand. This cut off the cold water which oozed out of the highland. This sand he carted and spread over his meadow, and in November he sowed herdsgrass and foul meadow and then swathed it in with a heavy ox harrow. The present season there is a beautiful sward of these grasses, which cannot fail to make a handsome return for all the labor expended. We think that barnyard manure can no where be used as a top dressing with better advantage than on reclaimed meadows. The tendency is not only to increase the burden, but to drive out the coarse grains and introduce those of a better quality. On this point we should like to have the testimony of farmers who have practiced top dressing their meadow lands. We think the results would astonish many persons who had never seen any operations of the kind.

A large portion of the meadow lands have until recently been regarded of second rate value to the uplands, and the consequence is that they have been managed in the most slovenly manner. It has been rare that a good road has been made to them, or that low and wet spots have been bridged over so as to permit a load of hay to cross in safety. A better state of things we are sure is prevailing, and it is certain that a much higher value will be placed upon these hitherto unproductive lands. A well cleared meadow at the present time will bring in about as much profit to the owner in a single year as the growth of wood on it in a life time. We have known this to be the fact, and we only express a hope that after haying is over, there will be a general clearing up and improving of our meadows all over the State. If they can cut from two to four tons of hay on reclaimed meadows in Massachusetts as they report to us, we can see no reason why the same thing cannot be done in Maine.

Culture of Blackberries.

Messrs Editors :—Will you be kind enough to give me a little information with regard to the cultivation of the blackberry. 1st. What sort is best and where can they be obtained? 2d. Should they be set out in the fall or spring? 3d. Should they be fastened up to the fence in winter or be bent down and covered with boughs or straw? 4th. If they should obtain a high growth should they be cut back? 5th. How long after being set out before they will begin to bear?

If you will answer these questions through the columns of the Farmer you will very much oblige.

Yours truly, B. F. Leadbetter.

Bingham, July 26th, 1867.

Note. 1st. The best varieties are Kittatinny, Dorchester, Newman's Thornless, and the Holcomb. The above are hardy varieties and will succeed well in this climate. Some of the famous varieties are yet too little known to be recommended and others are not sufficiently hardy for our locality. They can be procured of any reliable nurseryman, several of whom advertise in our columns. 2d. Spring is the best time for setting the plants. 3d. In our climate the plants need protection in winter. They should be carefully bent down, and lightly covered with straw, evergreen boughs or loam. 4th. As soon as the new shoots have reached three and a half feet in height the ends should be pinched off with the thumb and finger. This will cause the laterals to push out and these must receive the same treatment as mentioned, when they have grown eighteen inches. This process will need to be repeated once in two or three weeks during the summer, and by it the branches will present an erect compact appearance and bear better than if allowed to run at large. 5th. The plants should not bear until the second year after being set out.—Eds.

Value of Attention and Care.

"Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

A few weeks since—in No. 32 of our present volume—we preached a little sermon from a homely text, the connection between the two being, we hope, more evident than at first appeared, concerning the best time to perform certain operations upon the farm. We now desire to follow it up with some suggestion upon the method in which such operations should be performed, using likewise, a text better known yet not less full of wisdom.

The main cause of failure in performing jobs of which the farmer may not be completely familiar, results in nine cases in ten, not from the time at which it is done, nor the peculiar conditions of the atmosphere, or the soil, or the tree, or plant operated upon, but in the mode in which the work is executed. As an illustration: A farmer decides to set out an orchard. He orders his trees, and when they arrive from the nursery takes his hired man with him and goes about setting them out. The place selected may be a pasture or field, the soil rather poor than otherwise, and well swarded over. In a short time holes enough have been dug for the trees, and in a little time longer the trees put in their places. They may be staked perhaps, to prevent their being shaken down by the wind, but beyond this have no care or attention. They are not mulched, watered or manured, the ground is kept in grass and mowed, or in pasture and sheep and other stock range among the trees. The caterpillars are not kept off, the borers are not looked after, and in a few years the trees have all died. Then comes a letter from the farmer asking the best time of the year to set apple trees, the best soil suited to them, the way to prepare the ground, the varieties to set, &c. &., mentioning incidentally that he has tried to raise them but has not succeeded. We venture the assertion that he will attribute his non-success to anything rather than his own careless manner of setting the trees and their subsequent want of attention. This case, which is in fact a fair specimen of many that occur, is not in the least overstated, and may be taken as a representative of others equally as inconsistent.

Now what farmer can expect to succeed in doing any one of the almost numberless operations of the farm, if it is performed in this indifferent manner and left to take care of itself—even if the job is done at the exact time of the year that it should be? The great secret of the success of men who transplant or graft at any season of the year that is convenient for them, consists not only in the fact that they know how to do it, but that whatever is done is looked out for and taken care of afterwards. Fruit trees, to bear well, need to be manured and mulched and have the grass kept down about them—especially if they are young—and it will not do for sheep to rub against them or for hogs to gnaw the bark off; corn and other crops need hoeing; gardens will not thrive if weeds are allowed to choke out the vegetables; grape vines need constant watching to have the runners kept in and the fruit properly thinned; farm stock will become poor if neglected, and scions and plants newly set demand the closest attention. In all these and many other operations of the farm it is the care given, the watchful attention bestowed that warrants success—the particular time at which a job is done—if so be it is done well and receives after attention—is certainly a secondary matter. True, there may be a period when certain operations will be much surer to succeed than if performed at another time—and the more favorable conditions the farmer can take advantage of the better, but in no case is the care to which we have alluded to be set aside and regarded as of no account simply because the operation was, according to the books, performed at the right season of the year. "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and any farm work well done and well taken care of will generally succeed if performed at almost any season of the year.

In no business with which we are acquainted, will attention to details pay a better return, and in none are they more neglected than upon the farm. What merchant, manufacturer, or mechanic, having capital invested in his business, and desiring to make it pay the best return, would not be deemed grossly improvident if he paid no more attention to the minute matters of his business than the great majority of farmers do, and would it not be expected he would fail? Farmers plant seeds and trees, care for them but imperfectly, and are disappointed if they do not have a large crop. Would the merchant or manufacturer expect to make money if he purchased articles, and through his own negligence allowed them to waste and become valueless upon his hands? But for the kindliness and forbearance of our "mother earth," the crops consigned to her, would, with the ill care so often bestowed, return again to the farmer but the seed sown, which, in many instances, is as much as he deserves.

When will the lesson that good care and attention bestowed alike to soil, animals and crops, is sure to bring a more than tenfold reward, and go far towards making up the deficiencies of an unfavorable season, and perhaps the effects of the wrong time of performing the operation, be learned and practiced by all who call themselves farmers? Without this care, do the work whenever the best time occurs, success will be impossible.

Rich Cheese.

We are indebted to Mr. Lewis Wood, of Winthrop, for a generous piece of cheese, the product of his Jersey cows. Friend Wood has boasted to us so much of his Jersey cows, and their products in the shape of butter and cheese, that we almost doubted his story, but the sight and taste of his cheese has dispelled all our doubts of his veracity, and we shall certainly take advantage of his invitation to come and see him and oil our mouth with some of his golden butter. Mr. Wood has some choice Jersey stock, and he advocates a principle which we think is pretty nearly correct, that if anybody prefers quantity to quality in milk, they can easily do it by taking Jersey cows' milk out under the pump, when it may be diluted at pleasure.

Whitman's Threshing Machines.

Readers of the Farmer are requested to note the advertisement of Mr. L. Whitman of Winthrop, which appears in our present issue. Mr. Whitman has long been engaged in the manufacture of his threshing machines and wrought iron railway horse powers, which have been extensively used among the farmers of this and other States, and have given complete satisfaction. Address him for circular giving prices, &c.

To Correspondents. We have on hand several communications in relation to the little controversy concerning the duties and qualifications of farmers' girls, which has been going on through our columns; but as the matter has received considerable attention, in which both sides have had a fair hearing, we withhold the other articles—at least for the present.

Notes from Our Copy Drawer.

Winter Wheat. Our readers will not fail to notice the communication which appears in another column, concerning the culture of winter wheat, from Henry Poor, Esq. of Brooklyn, L. I. Mr. Poor was formerly a resident of this State, and we make a brief extract from a private note written under date of July 30th. His enthusiasm in the growth of winter wheat strongly reminds us of the terse and vigorous language used by William Cobbett, in endeavoring to introduce the culture of Indian corn into England:—"My object in writing these articles is purely a benevolent one, but I write from six years' experience so that my immovable faith is founded on works. When passing through Thomaston in 1837, I saw a field of spring wheat entirely destroyed by the midge. I think all the farmers that had undertaken its culture were alike smitten, discouraged, and abandoned its cultivation. But that little imp belongs almost exclusively to spring grain. My father tried spring wheat in his day, many times, but never succeeded. On the same spot where he failed with spring wheat I took off thirty-two bushels of winter wheat to the acre. It was strong grass land, and was sown on the sod. My object in writing is to induce the farmers of your State to *move early*. It is the great point to get the autumnal root and growth."

Indelible Pencil. We have received from the Indelible Pencil Company, Northampton, Mass., through Carleton & Smith of New York, a sample of their Indelible horticultural pencils for marking labels for trees, shrubs, plants, tools, boxes, and indeed any article of wood that is much exposed to the weather. They are highly recommended by many nurserymen, and after a trial we shall report upon their value and the durability of the mark made by them.

Caution. We desire to caution farmers against negotiating for, or ordering from models, any patent hay rake or hay loader, as parties are now operating in neighboring States with these articles, and many farmers have been victimized by them.

Query. One of our correspondents wishes to know where he can procure a weaver's reed or by whom they are manufactured. Will not some one enlighten him?

Italian Bees. (W. C—n.) Italian bees of undoubted purity can be procured of M. Quinby, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

Holmes Library. The receipt of one dollar from W. M. True, Esq., of Bradford is hereby acknowledged.

Pitching Hay by Horse Power.

Pitching hay from the rack upon high mows is one of the most laborious operations of haying, and many contrivances have been devised for performing this work with a horse; but the first efforts in this direction were of no value except as leading the way to something that would be complete and satisfactory. Numerous horse forks have been invented, many of which upon trial have proved utterly impracticable and worthless, while others are still kept before the public. Each of those now in use have doubtless their own particular merits and advantages, but in our opinion, (we judge from having personally witnessed the operation of several different kinds,) the fork known as Walker's Patent, for which Mr. Geo. A. White of this city is the general agent for this State, combines more advantages than any other patent with which we are acquainted. We procured one of these forks this summer, and although we had a high opinion of it from having seen its work last season, were more than satisfied with the manner in which it has pitched hay almost every day since it was put up. Some men, judging we presume from looking at the fork without testing it, have said it would not pitch fine hay nor clean out a rack; but we know from careful and constant use that it will not only pitch short, fine, meadow hay—the worst kind of hay to pitch—but that it will clean out a rack completely, of this same hay. In addition to these merits it has many other advantages, among which may be mentioned its lightness, simplicity, durability and the ease with which it is operated (the fork weighing but about thirteen pounds,) and its advantage over the grapple fork in that it takes up much less room in a barn and will work around beams, braces, and in narrow places vastly better than any other fork. Since this fork was introduced, numerous competitors have appeared, but they have all been obliged to yield the field to the Walker Patent.

In loading hay upon a rack to be pitched off with this fork, it is necessary that it be piled on in columns or sections; it then comes off without binding and the fork will take off each section to a forkful, unloading a ton of hay at from four to six forkfulls. Large numbers of the Walker fork have been introduced into Maine this season, and have everywhere given the most complete satisfaction. Farmers should consider its merits before giving their order for any other horse pitch fork.

Home-Made Super-phosphate.

Dr. James R. Nichols, a well known chemist, and author of a recent volume entitled, "Chemistry of the Farm and the Sea," insists that every farmer should make his own super-phosphate. This he says they can do readily, safely and cheaply, and gives the following methods of preparing it which he has himself adopted upon his own farm. We have great faith in the article as a fertilizer and are satisfied from three years' use of it that it gives highly remunerative returns—and while we desire to have it produced as cheaply as possible, we wish to intimate to farmers who follow the rules given below that they will find the operation of crushing the bones anything but easy work. We believe it can be done effectually only by the aid of heavy machinery:

"Take a common sound molasses cask, divide in the middle with a saw; into one half of this place half a barrel of finely-ground bone, and moisten it with two buckets of water, using a hoe in mixing. Have ready a carboy of oil of vitriol, and a stone pitcher holding one gallon. Turn out this full of the acid, and gradually add it to the bone, constantly stirring. As soon as effervescence subsides, fill it with acid and add as before; allow it to remain over night, and in the morning repeat the operation, adding two more gallons of acid. When the mass is quiet, add about two gallons more of water, and then gradually mix the remaining half barrel of bone, and allow it to rest. The next day it may be spread upon a floor where it will dry speedily if the weather is warm. A barrel of good loam may be mixed with it in drying. It may be beaten fine with a mallet or ground in a plaster mill. If several casks are used, two men can prepare a ton of excellent super-phosphate after this method, in a day's time. It affords a prompt fertilizing influence, especially upon root crops, even when employed alone. Much less acid is used in this formula than is demanded to accomplish perfect decomposition of the bones; but it is important to guard against the possibility of any free sulphuric acid in the mass.

Another most excellent method of preparing bones for field use, is to dissolve or saponify the gelatinous portion by the employment of caustic alkalies. For this purpose, take 100 pounds, beaten into as small fragments as possible, pack them in a tight cask or box with 100 pounds of good wood ashes. Mix with the ashes, before packing, 25 pounds of slaked lime, and 12 pounds of sal soda, powdered fine. It will require about 20 gallons of water to saturate the mass, but more may be added from time to time to maintain moisture. In two or three weeks the bones will be broken down completely, and the whole turned out upon a floor, mixed with two bushels of dry peat or good soil, and after drying is fit for use."

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Entomological Correspondence.

The accompanying specimens were taken from a common choke cherry tree. What lays the eggs that produces the living creatures enclosed therein? What will they become when they leave the cherry? How may they be prevented or destroyed? Please answer and oblige, Yours truly, G. C. Waterman.

Litchfield Corner, July 10, 1867.

Note. I am unable to name the insects. They are a minute larvæ of a reddish yellow color, oblong flattish, and measure from one to two tenths of an inch in length. They are undoubtedly the larvæ of some small moth (micro-lepidoptera), and I will endeavor to keep them until they change. They can probably be destroyed by giving them a wetting with strong suds. If you will please observe them occasionally upon your trees, you can learn somewhat of their nature and habits. I think it belongs to the genus *Sminthurus*, and the spring-tail family, so called from the power they have of springing up or throwing themselves to a distance by means of a forked process at their tails.

(*N. B. Allenwood*, Belmont.) The insect you handed me and of which you wanted the name, &c., is the caterpillar of the Asterias butterfly—*Papilio Asterias*. It is a most beautifully colored caterpillar, being of a bright green color, with dots and bands of brown and orange. The butterfly, or perfect insect, is black with yellow spots on its back, and its wings are spotted with blue and yellow, and there are two orange spots on the inner edge of the hinder pair. It measures from three and a half to four inches across the expanded wings, and is a fine looking insect. If you keep this caterpillar it will soon change to a pupa or chrysalis, in which form it will remain during the winter, and the butterfly will come out next June and after pairing, the female will deposit her eggs. This caterpillar lives on carrots, caraway and allied plants, but I have not found them to be sufficiently numerous to be particularly destructive.

(*Mrs. L. W.*) The insect sent is a common species of dragon fly or "devil's darning needle" as country boys call them. They are also called mosquito hawks because they catch and devour mosquitoes, and for this reason if for no other, they should be befriended. They belong to the order *Neuroptera*, family *Libellulidæ*. In the larvæ state they inhabit stagnant water living upon various minute aquatic insects.

(*B.*) The cutworms you found destroying your corn are the larvæ of a moth, genus *Agrotis*, and are very common. There are many species of these moths, most of which have the same general characteristics. There is no way to head them off except to dig them out by hand and destroy them.

(*Subscriber.*) "Sow-bugs" are not insects; they belong to a different class of animals—*crustacea* which includes crabs, lobsters, &c. Insects have always, and only, six legs, whereas "sow-bugs" have fourteen. They are disgusting looking animals, though so far as I know, not particularly injurious.

Miscellaneous Items. The "Practical Entomologist" will be suspended after the September number, owing to a lack of patronage. This is much to be regretted as it has proved itself a very valuable medium for obtaining and disseminating practical information upon matters pertaining to insects. We hope it may be revived again, at no distant day, under more favorable auspices.—So far as we have learned, the season has been free from extended ravages by any particular species of insect, in the State. Our barn swallows are among the most industrious insect catchers and destroyers, as their food consists almost wholly of minute insects in the winged form. During the late severe rain storm, we noticed many young ones died for lack of food. The swifts or chimney swallows also live entirely upon insects.—The indications are, that the grasshoppers (properly, locusts) will not be so numerous this year as usual. The only good use we know of that they can be put to, is for feeding turkeys, and it hardly pays to raise a "crop" of them for that purpose.

Belfast. G. E. Brackett.

For the Maine Farmer.

Winter Wheat.

Messrs. Editors:—Last week I gave an honest opinion in regard to the capacities and advantages of your State to raise its own bread, if not in whole, certainly in part. Had I the statistics of the number of your farmers and the average acreage of each, it would be an easy matter to state how much land would be required to feed your population; but I estimate it to be one barrel of flour annually to each person, making it six hundred thousand barrels more or less.

Formerly, the Western millers gave the farmers a barrel of flour for five bushels of wheat; the outs would be, the grinding, packing and barrel, (to say nothing of shorts), this latter being perquisite. It would seem to be fair to believe, on this basis, that four bushels of wheat weighing sixty pounds to the bushel would be about equal in value to the farmer, to one barrel of flour, as much of it would be eaten as wheaten meal without the close bolting. No good eastern farmer would think of raising less than sixteen bushels per acre, (we notice in Massachusetts and Vermont thirty to forty bushels are frequently obtained). Now if ten acres will give but one hundred and sixty bushels, this would be about equal to forty barrels of flour. This is a larger yield than is obtained in the Western States for a series of ten years. This statement may be relied upon. Now if you, Messrs. Editors, will make an additional note of the improved lands in Maine, you will find a very small proportion of it will be required for wheat, and while your people are raising so large quantities of rye, oats and barley, they will easily be convinced that wheat is a legitimate member of the grain family, and more valuable than all the others with the same attention, labor and acres.

Often we hear doubts expressed as to the utility of attempting to do what our grandfathers never dreamed of. What would they say to the reaper, mowing machine, horse rake, and the thousand other improvements, should they by a miracle, jump the stone wall into the mowing field of their boyhood amid this playwork of the farmer? Now we say, throw away the blinkers and see out clearly, and not allow the last cow, calf, or swine that you can so illy afford to part with, to be taken from you to pay for a barrel of flour.—Where your corn, potatoes and grass grow, there you will find your barrel of flour if you will labor for it. Is it not an object?

When you hear objections about "winter-kill, hessian fly, midge, mildew, rust and weevil," just be content and believe these are diseases and enemies in the West, and you are less liable to them than are those flat, monotonous prairies. The preparation of seed in salt pickle and ashes, (refer to my previous article) are death to the weevil or its eggs which must be deposited on the body or drilled into it. Seed wheat, coming thousands of miles, sown where wheat never grew before, by what theory, or facts, shall we be governed if the enemy is not in the seed? No other grain or plant, to our knowledge, is infested with this little golden maggot, the midge.

In the *New England Farmer* of last Saturday, one of its nameless correspondents says his winter wheat is very much mixed with "chess." Now this is another singular phenomena, that wheat should have this strange associate. The seed of chess grass is one eighth of an inch long, attenuated at both ends, closely resembling the seed of witch or twitch grass. It comes up with winter wheat, grows nearly as high, ripens at the same time and is always found in beautiful clusters and heads, loaded with an immense number of seeds—unlike any any other of the grasses. The seed sinks with the wheat in brine and does not skim off entirely with other wild seed, but the riddling seive will about make it clean. In passing through the grain fields I pluck it up by the roots and have no appearance of it afterwards, and it is very little trouble to do it. This practice of soaking seed applies to all grain, in order to skim and cleanse them from foul seed.

Brooklyn, L. I., July 30th. Henry Poor.

For the Maine Farmer.

Death of a Prominent Breeder.

Messrs. Editors :—I notice in the list of committees from Maine at the next N. E. Agricultural Exhibition, occurs the name of Mr. Horace McKenney, of Monroe in this county. This reminds me that I should ere this have publicly noticed his death, which occurred several months since. Mr. McKenney was well known as a man deeply interested in agricultural matters and his reputation as a breeder and owner of fine stock was not merely local. He had done much towards introducing improved breeds of animals into this county, and was ever among the foremost in forwarding the agricultural interests of his county and vicinity, taking a prominent position in our county society and being one of the principal exhibitors for many years. He was one of the members of the Board of Agriculture during its earlier sessions, and his efforts to advance the cause of agriculture will long be remembered by his wide circle of friends and neighbors.

Yours &c. G. E. Brackett.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Chapter of Items.

The Waldo Agricultural Society will hold its annual exhibition at Belfast on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25, 26 and 27, 1867.

The rain storm which ended on Tuesday morning, 23d, was one of the longest and most severe for the season on record. Farmers were in the midst of haying, and consequently a large amount of grass just cut, both in the swath and rick was spoiled or rendered comparatively worthless for feeding to stock. It is safe to estimate the loss as two tons to each farmer throughout the State, which in the aggregate amounts to an enormous sum.

Dairy farmers are rather discouraged at the low prices of their products this summer, which in fact, do not hardly seem to compare with other prices.—Butter at twenty cents a pound is lower than other products or necessaries. However, there is no doubt but there will be a rise in prices when the hot weather is over, and those making a good article need not take less than twenty-five or thirty cents for it.

It is expected there will be a trial of speed on our track, on the 14th of August, between some well known and fast horses. The park is being fitted up this summer in good style, and when the proposed additions are made, including the new hall now in process of construction, this park will be one of the best of the kind in the State.

Crops of all kinds are looking well in this section. Corn was lodged during the storm, but most of it will come up again. Potatoes are in blossom; grain thriving; apple crop light; grass crop heavy, but will not be got in very good order. G. E. B.

Belfast, July 27, 1867.

For the Maine Farmer

Feeding Barley to Horses.

Messrs. Editors :—I have seen in the Farmer lately a great deal about feeding horses on barley and will give you a little of my experience. The first of my teaming—some ten years ago—I took a span of old team horses that were rather thin in flesh and had been fed heavily on corn, and let them lay still a fortnight and physicked them pretty well. I then commenced feeding them on a little less quantity of barley per day than they had been used to have of corn and put them right in to hard work and kept them at it all the time. When I took them in the fall one of them had a sore neck and I cured that, but towards spring other teamsters on the road would frequently ask me what I fed on to make my horses look so well and still work them so hard. In fact in the spring I had the crack team on the road. Since then I have fed a great deal of barley and found that some horses would do well on it while others would not. I have a span now one of which will do well on barley and the other will not. There are not one-half of the horses but will swallow half of the barley whole, such horses will ,as a natural consequence fall away on it, but for a horse that will grind his barley thoroughly, I had as lives have barley as corn. Barley meal, however, I do not like, I think it is apt to create humor in horses.

Bangor. Teamster.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Note on Cutting Hay.

Messrs. Editors :—I wish to say a few words with regard to an editorial article I saw in the Farmer of July 11th, on cutting hay. It says "if you are an active, stirring man, you will cut your early grass before it dries up; your clover when well in blossom; your timothy when second blossoms appear, or when the juices begin to harden; and your meadows earlier than is generally practiced." Now all this looks very well on paper, but experience is a very thorough teacher, and I think experience will go against that practice altogether, especially on large farms. For instance, a man has seventy-five acres of grass to cut, and should he let it all stand till it had got its growth when "the juices began to harden," and a long spell of dull weather should set in, it seems to me that the last cutting of his hay would be better for seed, than for hay. If it could all be cut and housed in two or three days or even a week it would no doubt answer to commence haying as late as is mentioned in the article to which I have alluded, otherwise the rule would not work. B. F. L.

Bingham, July 26th, 1867.

For the Maine Farmer.

Feeding Poultry.

Messrs. Editors:—I consider fowls pretty much omniverous, and when I keep mine confined, I keep grain of some kind, always by them; and besides, feed them daily with table refuse—fish, flesh, vegetables, anything I would feed to a hog. If my fowl run at large, I give them a moderate feed of grain every morning. All fowl should have access to pure water

Dixmont, July 25th. John A. Harris.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Dull Times.

It is amusing to look over the political and commercial journals and read their views on the origin, extent and prevention of the present *Dull Times*. Most of them conclude that the depression is simply the reaction incident to the great struggle through which the nation has recently passed; that business will revive and prospects brighten after the harvest of the immense grain crop which the husbandman is now gathering. This is one way to cultivate hope in the commercial community: but we don't want the politician, the merchant, the financier and the manufacturer to depend wholly on agriculture. The wheat crop of 1867 will unquestionably be very large—giving us cheaper bread—and if there is an export demand, will help turn the balance of trade in our favor.

Diminished agricultural products did not cause the present stagnation in business, neither will an unusual crop of cereals bring us prosperity. The evil lies in our gigantic debt—a debt of twenty-five hundred millions of dollars—the interest of which has to be paid by the children of toil. This we must earn by labor, and we must pay it by increased cost of food, clothing, rent, and all incidental expenditures of living. *This enormous burden is what causes dull times*; and we shall never witness the return of prosperity if we depend on our increased agricultural productions. We must inaugurate more rigid economy; we must reduce the national debt and national currency; we must cease legislating for parties and making laws for individual prosperity—then we shall be on the highway of better times, renewed confidence and newborn prosperity.

Farmers, generally, do not bother themselves with the question of national finance. But it is a matter of vital importance; and, at this time, is closely identified with their prosperity. When we consider that our national debt exceeds two thousand and five hundred millions of dollars; that our national bank-note currency is three hundred millions more, we can understand that the interest on these enormous sums is literally eating us up! Who pays this interest?—the laborer, the hard toiling millions—not the idler, the speculator or the spendthrift. Our paper money is so abundant and cheap that it has destroyed the former laws of value, making us pay extortionately for all we eat or wear. Besides, this inflation of the currency aids no branch of industry; it incites profligacy, extravagance and speculation. Instead of invigorating business and building up industrial avocations, it demoralizes trade, and adds to general stagnation. A cheap or inflated currency always does this.

Our whole banking capital is based on usury. It draws interest from the government, (which the people pay,) and another interest from the circulation of their notes. Thus we are paying double, or compound interest, on our circulating medium of three hundred millions. Here is where a portion of our hard-earned pittance goes, into the pockets of our money lenders. The banker rolls in affluence, but the laborer starves—the Government staggers under a mountain of debt, but the usurer waxes fat and kicks. There may be other methods of restoring this country to its olden prosperity, but the best, shortest and most advisable way is to curtail our debased, inflated, double-interest currency. Reduce that, and the national debt, and lethargy and depression will be superceded with activity and industry.—*Farm and Fireside.*

Meadow Lands.

If meadow lands are depastured in autumn they are stripped of their natural protection, and if depastured in spring, the shooting plants are "nipped in the bud." It is enough to carry off a crop of grass, too often, without making any return in the way of top-dressing, even on land laid down as a hungry waste, without stripping the land of the falling blades in autumn, or the young shoots in spring. This system of exhaustion can lead only to sterility and poverty.—*Farm and Fireside Journal.*

Neglect of Horses.

Diseases of this stock often arise from what appears to be the best care, which, when observed, appears to be actual neglect. Some of our best and most thrifty farmers keep their horses, especially their trotting and blooded animals, *tied in their stalls* for several days in succession, without any exercise or sunlight, save the few minutes in watering, and their drink is often carried to them. At the same time they are often fed on corn—a very unnecessary article for inactive beasts when they can have good hay. The curry comb is, as it should be, freely used. They seem to have overlooked the fact that the horse as well as man requires pure air, proper food, regular exercise, cleanliness, light, and heat to promote a healthy action of all his organs.

So important are the four first named conditions that it is hard to determine which should receive the most attention. We know, however, which is most generally neglected. How many there are who drive their horses from *ten to twenty* miles at a time, when they had not traveled one mile during the previous three or four days? The creature comes out of the stall sleek and plump, and spirited, for he is restless, and delights to be in the open air, to which he may have free access in summer; his flesh is not compact but flabby, and he tires in half the time of one that has been frequently exercised. There can be no doubt that the imprisoned animal, though *grain-fed*, would show less strength and endurance than one turned out an hour per day and fed on good hay. At the end of a week of work together, similarly fed and otherwise attended to, the first would have lost much flesh, and been in a worse state than the other. Exercise of the right quantity increases the flesh (not fat,) and solidifies the muscles. Inaction augments adipose matter, and when protracted (with stimulating food) creates disease, both in man and beast.

The horse is being over-domesticated and taking his master's diseases. Pneumonia, consumption, cancer, &c., are becoming quite common, but with dissimilar names. The best and most valued horses in this country die suddenly, and frequently after some enormous prizes are offered. Inactivity in the human species often ends in apoplexy and palsy, and likewise with the animal.

The curry comb is better appreciated by stock-raisers than locomotion. But it is seldom used to excess. It is to the horse what a bath is to mankind. It removes impurities, promotes a healthy action of the skin, and equalizes the electric fluid. It is the poor man's friend, for a horse curried twice daily will need only half the grain of a horse not curried It may be that he would thrive if he got nothing but good clover and timothy. The man of small means more frequently neglects this point of economy than the wealthy.

Most stables are well enough ventilated, but light is less plentiful than air. Windows would supply this deficiency, and on the south side of a building would draw heat.—H. B. *in Germantown Telegraph.*

Culture of Special Crops.

One of the marked features in the way of agricultural improvement is the special culture of certain crops which require care and attention, and more than ordinary skill in order to insure success.

We have known considerable sums to be realized by farmers from the special culture of some crop, as "a side business" to their general farm operations, but then, they understood thoroughly the nature of the crop, and did their work systematically. Experience shows that he who has but few articles which he raises for market, and who confines his attention entirely to them, is more likely to cultivate understandingly than in the usual system of general husbandry.

It is a question whether our dairymen would not get better returns by making a specialty of some crops in connection with their general business. Those who have lands adapted to hops, to tobacco, or some crops which may be readily marketed, will find after selecting and steadily cultivating such as special crops, that a considerable sum may be added to the income of the farm.

Among market gardens the labor and manure expended upon a single acre of cabbage is on an average not less than one hundred dollars, and a good crop the inevitable result of the expenditure accompanied with reasonable skill pays a handsome profit. Four or five thousand cabbages are not unfrequently grown upon an acre for which there is always a ready market at from six to ten dollars per hundred. This, at the lowest figures, would give a profit of $140 per acre.

We have seen statements from the most reliable sources, giving the average profits upon onion crops of from $200 to $300 per acre, and here the expenditure in manure and labor was large. From eight to ten cords of manure to the acre was used, worth from six to eight dollars per cord, and the labor of weeding alone $40 per acre, although labor-saving implements were freely used. We refer to these crops to show what may be done with some of the commonest vegetables, which farmers generally suppose can not be grown at any considerable profit.

Of late years the potatoe has in some sections proved very remunerative. The culture of various kinds of fruit may be mentioned as another specialty which returns large profits.

We were never more impressed with the value of these "side issues" to the farmers' gains than when in England, last year. The profits realized in many instances seemed to us almost incredible.

We are now convinced that this subject does not receive the attention from our farmers that it deserves, especially at this time, when it is desirable that the income from lands should be increased to meet the requirements of high taxes and necessary expenditures. —*Utica Herald.*

Drying Specimens of Plants.

A correspondent in "*Science Gossip*" describes his practice as follows: "When botany was my hobby, I adopted a plan for drying my specimens, which was both rapid and very effectual in preserving colors. I borrowed a tin dripping pan from the cook, which was just the size of my sheets of blotting paper. In this I laid the produce of the day's excursion between sheets of blotting paper, in the usual way, and, when the pile was complete, I covered it over with a layer of common scouring sand half an inch thick, so that the tin dish appeared to be simply full of sand. I then placed it on the kitchen fender, or on the hob, or in the oven, if it were not too hot, and in three or four hours the whole batch of specimens were perfectly dried. It required a little care to take them out at the right moment, when they were baked just enough, and not too much; but, this care being given, the success of the plan was perfect. Many specimens still in my herbarium bear witness to the superiority of such rapid drying over the old method."

Storm Signals.

A few weeks since the Maine Farmer discussed the importance and practicability of instituting storm signals for the special benefit of farmers. Well, sir, I have one in the Ellsworth bell and bridge. It is, as near as may be, two and three-forths miles, on a beeline, from Dr. Tenney's meeting house to my dwelling house, and a south west course. I am not, strictly speaking, within the circle of its call to breakfast, to bed, and to prayers, and after an experience of six years have come to regard, that "its sweet music tells," of an approaching storm. The more distinct its tone, the nearer the storm.

Two days before *that* great rain of last year we heard the Trenton bell for the first time. Sunday evening last, myself and family distinctly and unmistakably, heard the carriages pass and re-pass the Ellsworth bridge. Early on Monday morning I commenced to "set" my hay field "in order" for the great storm thus signalized, which delayed its coming until Wednesday, then made good its delay by a five days storm to the great discomfiture of Sunday hay-makers. —S. W., in *Ellsworth American.*

Hardy Azaleas.

Few know the beauty of Azaleas except as they have occasionally seen them in a green-house or conservatory; once in a while we meet a man who remembers in early youth the beautiful flowers of his New England rocky dells, where and from which he gathered and eat as a boy exorescences under the name of Swamp Apples. Recently we visited a gentleman, originally from Connetiut, but now a resident in one of our Western States, where we saw a collection of Azaleas that, although not rivaling New England dells in numbers, yet excelled them all in beauty, because of the great variety of shades in color, from a light pink, almost white, to a rich red, and from a straw color to the deep yellow of *pontica*, all hardy, all growing in open ground and in no other than good light loamy garden soil. It is one of the most beautiful shrubs we have, and we hope our notice will draw attention of planters to its more general introduction. *Horticulturist for July.*

Embellish your Premises.

Farmers are greatly lacking in taste, to render their homes attractive. It is folly to live wholly for the pork and beans, &c., that we eat, as thousands of farmers do. Read what Mr Barry, the noted horticulturist of Rochester, N. Y., says:

The first thing I should press on the farmers, in the way of improvement, would be what we might call roadside improvement. Keep the cattle off the highways, keep the weeds cut close and lines of shade trees on each side—this, with neat fences, will be an evidence of civilization to begin with. Then I would enjoin the removal from the roadsides near the dwelling, of all dilapidated and broken implements, which are so

The Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, Aug. 8, 1867.

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COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

Mr. V. DARLING is now engaged in canvassing the county of Penobscot, for the MAINE FARMER.

Mr. JAS. STUBBS will visit our subscribers in Lincoln County during the month of August.

Light and Shade.

As we look around us we see a constant change going on of light and shade. The sun seldom shines in the clear sky but a few hours at a time. A haze comes over the atmosphere, clouds start up from the distant mountains, at first no larger than a man's hand, and then grow to mighty dimensions and cover the atmosphere farther than the eye can reach, and all nature betokens a sombre hue. As we look at the side of the distant mountain, or from some hill-top, we see the shadows of the clouds which sail through the air, moving along upon the surface of the earth. They are trifling events apparently to us, yet full of significance in the economy of the great plan of creation.

The broad glare of a perpetual sun renders thousands of square miles in Africa an arid waste, so that its burning sands are the dread of the traveler. How does the scorched pilgrim then long for the shade of some tree wherewith to protect himself from the fiery shower of the sun's rays that so mercilessly fall upon him. How does he dread to start again, lest he may perish by the wayside as thousands have done before him, and leave his bones to dry up in the parched atmosphere.

On the other hand, we may find places on our globe where it is perpetual shade. There is an island somewhere on which the rain falls a large portion of the year. The rays of the sun scarcely penetrate the thick mists that surround it. The atmosphere, surcharged with warm moisture gives rise to a luxuriant vegetation so that plants which under other circumstances never grow but a few inches in height, assume here the character of tall trees. So oppressive is this perpetual shade that man cannot live there. The noxious damps poison him, and the navigator who strays to its shores is loth to remain there but for a few hours.

As we approach the poles we find that the days are lengthened so that at the extremity of the earth's axis there is but one day and one night during the year. Arctic voyagers tell us that the continuous day and night of these northern regions are exceedingly irksome to endure. Who would not long for day after a week of night! Then think of twenty-six weeks of perpetual darkness without a moon and only the dim light of the stars to illuminate our pathway. How the glimmering of twilight caused by the slowly returning sun brings joy to the hearts of the men who search for the north pole. What a terrible description does Byron give us of perpetual darkness of which we can give but an extract:

> "I had a dream which was not all a dream;
> The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
> Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
> Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
> Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
> Morn came and went, and came and brought no day,
> And men forget their passions in the dread
> Of this their desolation, and all hearts
> Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light.
>
> The world was void,
> The populous and the powerful was a lump,
> Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless,
> A lump of death, a chaos of hard clay."

Such would be the terrible condition of our earth were it continuous night. Equally unendurable would it be if day reigned perpetual; and we learn from this that constant changes are necessary to promote the welfare of man. Even the fiery ocean of sand which covers so much of Africa has its uses. Like the conflagration of a great city, which causes the air to rush in from other quarters, so do these burning sands create the gentle breezes on its borders which seem to fan a portion of the land which is rendered habitable by man.

Bringing our subject nearer home, we may learn that sunshine and cloud are equally necessary for us. A single rainy day may add to the material wealth of the country millions of dollars. A few days of warm sunshine will produce a flow of wealth hardly to be estimated. There is a wise balancing of the clouds which are full of lessons of instruction to us, and he is the wisest man who can see the most wisdom in all the operations of nature.

But there is a figurative use to which we may apply the lights and shades of human life. As we look upon the distant landscape we see the lights and shades harmoniously blended, yet relieved by the lighter tints of the fleecy clouds above as they sail along the deep blue vault of heaven. So it is with human life. The cup of human happiness is a mixture of good and evil, of pleasure and pain, of joy and sorrow, and he who would enjoy the most of this life, will enjoy the most of the one, and bear as well as he can the other. These opposite conditions of life act as checks upon each other, and serve, or should serve to keep us content with our lot. Bright rays of prosperity will at times flit across our pathway, while dark clouds of adversity in their deepest gloom may immediately after enshroud us. This is the common lot of man, and may be as necessary to him as he is now constituted as the literal changes in the lights and shadows. He who murmurs at the darkness, will not so well enjoy the light, while he who cheerfully accepts the varied conditions of life as best for him will enjoy the most of life, and a halo of constant sunlit pleasure will surround his head to cheer him on amid the darkest hours of gloom with which he may be surrounded.

THE TENNESSEE ELECTION. On Thursday last the election of State officers and members of Congress took place in Tennessee. The occasion was one of great interest from the fact that Tennessee is the first of the States lately in rebellion in which the freedmen have participated in the election. Although the previous canvass was a very exciting one, and the two parties came into frequent hostile collision, by which several lives were lost, the election passed off with very litle disturbance. The returns thus far received, indicate the success of the radical republican ticket by a large majority. Gov. Brownlow is elected by a majority estimated at 30,000, probably carrying every county in the State except two in West Tennessee, and they are doubtful. Middle Tennessee gives him a majority of at least 15,000, Nashville city gives him 6300, and Davidson county over 4000.

The radical Congressmen are all elected by large majorities. Of the legislature twenty out of twenty-three radicals are elected for the Upper House, and all but ten of the eighty-three representatives in the Lower House. This will secure a radical Senator in piece of Mr. Patterson, the son-in-law of the President, whose term expires in March next.

THE SOLDIERS' ASYLUMS. The managers of the U. S. Asylums for disabled soldiers in their recent report, say that there is up to the present time, little call in comparison with the whole number of meritorious cases, for the relief which the establishment is designed to afford. The cause for this is obvious. Public and private munificence has done much for them, large numbers are supported by their immediate friends, while many others are earning their own living. Another thing which has kept them away from the Asylums is their unwillingness to be separated from their families, even when reduced to pauperism. To remedy this latter difficulty, it is proposed to allow the wife and children of the soldier to be with him under certain safeguards and restrictions. It is proposed to build on the grounds of the Asylum in this State, which are ample for the purpose, detached cottages, and to allow disabled soldiers to occupy them with their families, to cultivate a garden attached, and thus aid themselves with the assistance of the Asylum, at an expense not exceeding that which a soldier wholly cared for in the Asylum would cost.

PERSONAL. If the lady who recently wrote to us regarding numismatics, will give us her Post Office address (which she omitted to state in the letter,) we will answer her by mail.

THE BASE BALL TOURNAMENT. The struggle for the silver ball and the Base Ball championship of the State, commenced in Portland on Wednesday afternoon last. Five clubs entered for the contest, viz:—Eons and Athletics of Portland, Bowdoins of Brunswick, Androscoggins of Lewiston, Cushnocs of Augusta. On consultation with the Clubs it was decided that one game should be played on each afternoon of Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The playing was assigned to the several clubs as follows:—On Wednesday the Bowdoins and Cushnocs; on Thursday the Eons and Athletics; on Friday the winning club of Wednesday and the Androscoggins; on Saturday the final game to decide the championship by the winning clubs of Thursday and Friday. Messrs. Caudleigh of the Atlantic club, Brooklyn, Henry Denison of the Lowell club, Boston, Frederick Gerrish of the Bowdoin club, J. C. M. Furbish of the Eon club, and George F. Abbott of the Athletic club, were selected as judges, to award the several prizes for the best general player, the best average score in the final game, the best fielding nine, the best outfielder, and the greatest muffin.

According to the programme the opening game between the Bowdoins and Cushnocs was played on Wednesday afternoon. We copy from the Portland *Press* the following account:

Early in the afternoon the crowd began to gather, and at 3 o'clock the field was thronged. By the united exertions of the field committee and the police, the grounds were cleared and kept clear. The game was called by the umpire, Mr. Dennison, of the Lowell club, at a few minutes past three, the Bowdoin boys going to the bat. Hutchinson and Cole succeeded in getting home, the former on a passed ball credited to Alden; Rundlett went out on a foul fly neatly caught by Alden, and Bangs and Baker in succession were surprised to find the ball at the first base before them. The Cushnocs did a little better, having scored 5 before Flagg went out on a fly catch leaving Little on the third base.

The second and third innings were played very slowly and carefully, each club evidently doing its best. At the close of the third inning the score stood 13 to 17, the Augusta boys having a lead of four runs.

The fourth inning settled the fate of the game. The Bowdoin boys had scored 3 with only one out, and Cole had made his first base, when Rundlett struck the ball straight into the right field when Deering caught it and sent it to the first before Cole, who had started to run, could recover his base. The Cushnoc's then went to the bat and made 18 runs going out finally with Ladd and Robinson on the bases. Rundlett's pitching during the inning was very wild. At one time, four men took their bases in succession on called balls. The score stood at the close of the fourth innings 16 to 40, more than two to one for Augusta.

It is needless to follow, the remaining innings. In the sixth, Frank Ring, though too lame to play, took the place of Cole as catcher for the Bowdoins. Some other changes were made in the positions of their players, but the odds were too heavy against them. In the eighth, the Cushnocs were choked, Deering going out on a fly caught by Charley Ring in the right field, Buel failing to make his second base, and Alden going out on a foul ball caught by Frank Ring. The score for the last five innings stood 15 to 13 in favor of the Bowdoin, but the grim total was 31 to 48 the other way, as follows:

BOWDOINS.	O.	R.	CUSHNOCS.	O.	R.
Hutchinson, c f,	1	6	Deering, r f,	3	
Cole, c,	5	2	Buel, l f,	4	4
Rundlett, p,	3	5	Alden, c,	4	5
Bangs, 3d b,	3	4	Anthony, 1st b,	3	6
Baker, 1st b,	4	1	Delano, p,	0	9
Brown, l f,	4	2	Ladd, c f,	1	7
Whitman, 2d b,	4	3	Robinson, 2d b,	4	4
C. Ring, r f,	2	4	Little, s s,	2	3
Perley, s s,	1	4	Flagg, 3d b,	0	3
	27	31		27	48

Left on bases—Bowdoin, Baker 5, Brown 1, Perley 1; Cushnoc, Little 4, Buel 1, Ladd 1, Robinson 1.

SUMMARY.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total.
Bowdoin,	2	6	5	3	2	4	4	3	2	31
Cushnoc,	5	5	7	18	1	7	1	0	4	48

Scorers—Bowdoin, C. J. Chapman, Cushnoc, C. E. Smith.
Time of game, 3h, 45m.

Delano's pitching was very good and his score speaks for itself. Little's fielding too was remarkably good. Home runs were made by Delano of the Cushnoc Club and Bangs of the Bowdoin.

On Thursday afternoon the second game for the championship was played by the Eons and Athletics of Portland. The weather was fine and nearly four thousand persons were on the grounds, a large number of whom were ladies. At the fifth and sixth innings both were even, and at the eighth the Eons were one ahead. Both made three on the ninth inning, and the Eons thereby won by one point—twenty-seven to twenty-six.

The following is a full score of the game:

ATHLETIC.	O.	R.	EON.	O.	R.
Moody, s s,	3	4	Broughton, p,	5	2
Mathews, 3d b,	4	2	Davis, 2d b,	1	5
Curtis, l f,	5	1	Haggett, r f,	2	5
Abbott, c,	2	4	Evans, s s,	3	4
Waterhouse, p,	3	1	Keazer, c f,	3	5
Higgins, 1st b,	2	4	McAllister, c,	4	3
Williams, 2d b,	2	4	Dennis, l f,	1	2
Woodman, c f,	3	3	Mc obb, 1st b,	5	0
Geyer, r f,	3	3	B. B. Foster, 3d b,	3	3
Total,	27	26		27	27

Left on Bases—Athletic, Waterhouse 2; Eon, Davis 1, Dennis 3, Keazer 1, McCobb 1—6.

SUMMARY.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total.
Athletic,	2	3	2	4	5	1	6	0	3	26
Eon,	9	0	0	2	5	4	0	4	3	27

Scorers—Athletic, Frank Emery; Eon, E. M. LeProhon.
Time of Game—3h, 20m.

Owing to the violent rain storm which prevailed on Friday and Saturday, the tournament was suspended.

On Monday the playing was resumed, the final game for the silver ball and the championship being played by the Eons and Cushnocs, the Androscoggins having withdrawn. The contest resulted in the triumph of the Eon club of Portland—the game standing at the close 48 for the Eons and 30 for the Cushnocs. Up to and including the sixth inning the game was a well played and closely contested one, the score standing at 28 for the Eons and 27 for the Cushnocs. At this point, we understand three of the Cushnoc's best players, Messrs. Buel, Anthony and Delano became disabled, and the remaining innings went almost by default in favor of the Eons. In the judgment also of impartial and disinterested observers, as we are told, the decisions of the Umpire were grossly unfair, every thing being made to tell against the Cushnocs and in favor of the Portland club. The favoritism and injustice displayed by him were so palpably manifested as to call forth repeated and almost unanimous demonstrations of disapprobation in storms of indignant hisses from the crowd of spectators in attendance, whose sympathies were naturally with their own townsmen, but whose love of fair play prompted this uncomplimentary expression of their feelings. It was very evident throughout the contest that the Augusta club, no matter how well they played, were not to be allowed to carry off the silver ball. The design was effectually carried out, and in a manner which reflects little credit upon the winning club or the umpire who so unscrupulously played into their hands and served their selfish and partizan purposes.

The following is a full score of the game:

CUSHNOCS.	O.	R.	EONS.	O.	R.
Deering, r f,	4	3	Broughton, p,	5	5
Buel, l f,	3	3	Davis, s s,	3	6
Alden, c,	5	3	Haggett, 2d b,	2	6
Anthony, 1st b,	2	4	Wilder, 3d b,	3	3
Delano, p,	4	3	Dennis, l f,	3	3
Ladd, c f,	4	3	McAllister, c,	5	4
Robinson, 2d b,	3	3	Keazer, c f,	0	9
Little, s s,	1	4	McCobb, 1st b,	4	5
Johnson, 3d b,	1	4	Foster, r f,	2	5
	27	30		27	48

SUMMARY.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total.
Cushnoc.	5	2	1	5	0	14	3	0	0	30
Eon.	1	6	5	6	6	2	10	8	2	48

Left on bases—Cushnoc, Buel 3, Anthony 2, Delano 1, Robinson 1, Little 1—7; Eons, Wilder 2, Haggett 1, Foster 1—4.
Passed balls—Cushnocs 7; Eons 9.
Umpire—Mr. Dennison, of the Lowell Club, Boston.
Scorers—Cushnoc, Mr. C. B. Morton; Eon, Mr. LeProhon.

We learn that all the prizes, with one exception, were awarded to members of the Portland clubs, Ring of the Bowdoins receiving the prize of a field glass as the best single fielder. Kezar of the Eons received a silver bat as the best scorer; Evans, a gold medal as best general player; the Athletic club, silver pitcher, for best fielding.

NEW SIDEWALKS. Great improvements have this season been made upon the sidewalks in our city, and they will very soon be in such a condtition as to take rank with those of the largest cities in the State. The material chiefly used is concrete, which gives a firm, durable and smooth surface, easy to walk upon and one that will constantly become better by use. Among the sidewalks thus improved are those on State street from Winthrop to Bridge, on Bridge street east of State, on Green street east of State, and Grove street from State to the junction of Green and Gage streets. This work will extend from year to year to other streets, until all our sidewalks except those already in good condition, will have been treated in the above manner.

☞ J. P. Wyman, Esq., of this city has a two year old heifer, seven-eighths Jersey and one-eighth Ayrshire, with a calf only ten days old, which gave on Saturday last, at a single milking, eighteen pounds of milk.

EVASIONS OF THE U. S. REVENUE LAW. In the U. S. Circuit Court for the Eastern District New York, Judge Benedict passed sentence last week on several parties who had been convicted of doing business without having paid the special tax required by the Internal Revenue Law.

The following are the remarks of Judge Benedict in passing sentence on the first person convicted, and we would suggest the propriety of giving them a wide publicity in order that those who are disposed to evade a tax, which should fall alike on all engaged in similar pursuits, that it is the determination of the Judicial authorities to impose such penalties as shall deter others from violating the law and relieve those who honestly comply with its requirements from the dishonest competition of those whose only respect for law arises from the penalties imposed.

Judge Benedict opened by saying that the law under which the party had been convicted was an important one, and after summing up the case he continued, as follows:

"I must also notice that this law is widely disobeyed; I must also take notice that it seems to be understood that violations of the revenue law can be perpetrated with impunity; and nothing is more important in this community than that the people should understand that the violation of the revenue law is attended with hazard; that it is not the violation of a mere contract, a failure to keep a promise, but that the laws of the United States in this regard must be obeyed. I am inclined to the opinion that government has delayed imprisoning citizens, in the hope that they will obey this law; and you were the first person convicted either in New York or Brooklyn. I therefore must regard, in passing sentence upon you, the effect upon the public. I must make you an example to all persons in this community, that they may know what it is to violate the laws of the United States with regard to the revenue. The section under which you have been convicted would impose a fine, and also imprisonment for a term not exceeding two years. I shall, in your case, in view of all the circumstances, impose upon you the extremity of the statute, and sentence you to imprisonment for a space not exceeding two years, the sentence to be executed in the Albany penitentiary."

In a second case, in view of certain mitigating circumstances, the same Judge imposed a penalty of only twelve months' imprisonment.

BATES COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT. The Commencement exercises at Bates College on Wednesday and Thursday last, were of unusual interest. The graduating class numbered eight, upon each of whom the degree of Bachelor of Aarts was conferred in course as follows: Frank E. Sleeper of Lewiston; Winfield S. Stockbridge of Lewiston; Joel S. Parsens of Norway; John H. Rand of Parsonsfield; Geo. S. Ricker of Raymond; Harrison Wood of Vienna; Albert H. Heath of Auburn, and Arthur Given of Wales.

The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. Uriah Balkam of Lewiston, the Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, missionary to India, and A. M. upon Franklin Simmons of Lewiston. The Commencement dinner took place in the college chapel. Among the distinguished guests were Governor Chamberlain and Adjutant General Caldwell of his staff. Theodore Tilton of New York, addressed the united literary societies in the evening.

On Thursday an oration and poem were delivered in the forenoon before the Alumni and Alumnæ of the institution. In the evening the closing festivities of the graduating class took place, in connection with which Dodworth's Band gave a concert. The Trustees of the College have voted to detach the Seminary and Latin School department, and make the College an independent and separate institution.

CONCERT BY THE DODWORTH BAND. The Concert on Monday evening by the celebrated Dodworth's New York Band was not so well attended as it deserved, sufficient notice not being given of the performance. We are glad to learn that the Concert will be repeated this evening, at Granite Hall, and the music lovers of our city may depend upon being served with one of the rarest entertainments ever offered in this city.—The Portland *Star*, speaking of the Concert in that city says:—"We do not know when we have been so thoroughly pleased. 'Holy Lord,' by the Military Band, 'Memory' by the Orchestra, the duet, 'Would that my love,' and the solos by Messrs. Noll, Wedemeyer and Dodworth were rare pieces of music that would thrill the most apathetic. Last night they gave, at short notice, a Sacred Concert to a better audience, and the rare excellence of the performance characterized this as well as the previous entertainment." We learn that the Dodworths have kindly volunteered to be present at the public dinner to be given to the Editorial Convention at Old Orchard Beach next Thursday, and furnish some of their choicest music. In the evening the Band will give a grand concert in City Hall, Biddeford.

☞ At the manufactory of Mr. I. C. Hovey, in Huntington's building, may be seen a fine specimen of his work in the shape of a church organ which has been recently built by him. It is eleven feet high, nine feet long in front and six feet deep. The case is elm and black walnut, and the design of the front is Gothic. It has 324 pipes, 12 stops, and is what is known as a "C" organ, with pedal base. As a piece of workmanship it reflects credit upon Mr. Hovey, who is already well known by his work among us, such as the South Parish pulpit, the chancel furniture of St. Mark's Church, &c., &c., and it is pronounced by many of the leading musicians of the city to be an instrument of superior tone and capacity.

☞ Our apothecaries are exercising their skill in the preparation of wholesome summer beverages as substitutes for the deleterious alcholic compounds which the stringent enforcement of the liquor law has effectually driven out of use. Messrs. Titcomb & Dorr have for sale an exceedingly popular and palatable article which they advertise as "Titcomb's Tonic Elixir," and our friends J. S. & F. E. Johnson have also "Bennett's Jaundice Bitters," prepared by themselves, and entirely free from every thing of an objectionable or injurious character. We presume they will be liberally patronized.

☞ We are informed that the Methodist society in this city are contemplating the enlargement and improvement of their house of worship on Green street. They also propose to procure an organ for the church. Under the labors of Rev. Mr. King, the newly appointed pastor, the society is awakening to new vigor and usefulnessg, and the contemplated improvements are deemed necessary in order to secure and retain the interest of the large congregation now in attendance.

☞ The installation of the officers of Augusta Lodge F. & A. M., will take place at Masonic Hall in this city on Thursday evening of next week, 15th inst. A meeting of the lodge is also called for Tuesday evening next, 13th. The services of installation will be conducted by D. D. G. M., J. M. Larrabee of Gardiner, and we understand invitations to unite in the same will be extended to Bethlehem Lodge, and to the members of the Fraternity in Hallowell and Gardiner.

DR. LIGHTHILL IN OXFORD COUNTY. Dr. C. B. Lighthill can be consulted on Deafness, Catarrh and diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs at the Mansion House, Augusta, daily excepting Thursday and Friday of each week. On Thursday and Friday, August 8th and 9th, he can be consulted at the Elm House, Norway, Oxford County; on Thursday and Friday, August 15th and 16th at Greeley's Hotel, Dover, Me.

☞ Three men were arrested in Woodstock, Oxford county, in this State, on Tuesday last, by U. S. Marshal Clark and brought to Portland for examination, on a charge of manufacturing and circulating counterfeit scrip. Several other persons are implicated. A considerable amount of new fifty cent counterfeit currency was captured.

"THE END OF THE WORLD." Rev. W. B. Hayden of Portland will lecture on the above topic in the Unitarian Church on Tuesday evening, Aug. 6th, at 7½ o'clock, giving the views of the New Jerusalem Church on this important subject. The public are invited to attend.

☞ The Portland *Argus* states that on Tuesday last, Mr. Seth Oliver, a well known pilot on the Kennebec river, while returning from a fishing cruise outside Seguin, accompanied by his son, fell forward in the boat and almost immediately expired. Heart disease is supposed to be the cause.

☞ Eugene Simons, a young man about 30 years of age, was drowned from the steamer Gem in Sacramento, Cal., June 28th. He was a son of Gen. S. S. Simons, formerly of Waterville, but now a resident of California.

A MAINE MAN LYNCHED IN ILLINOIS. It will be remembered by our readers that a young man named Joseph Tibbetts was arrested about a year and a half ago in Somerset County in this State, charged with the murder of Thomas Page, a resident of Goodform, Illinois, while riding along the high-way in a loaded waggon; his own brother Alonzo testifying before the Grand Jury that he was the murderer. Tibbetts was a native of Maine and after the commission of the deed returned hither, and at the time of his arrest was employed in lumbering operations on Dead river. He was taken to Illinois, and when the trial came on, Alonzo refused to testify against his brother on the ground of implicating himself. The result was, that in the absence of the evidence the jury could only return a verdict of not guilty. This unexpected turn in affairs created no little excitement in the neighborhood when the deed was committed. All attempts of the brothers Tibbetts to mingle in the Society of their fellow townsmen were repulsed and their acquaintance avoided. On the recent 4th of July a party was given and Joe Tibbetts attended it. The people present at once remonstrated at his presence, and he was ordered to leave. During the evening several sets of harness were cut to pieces, and other mischief done, and the people charged that Tibbetts was the one that did it. This only seemed to fan the flame of public feeling, and on the 26th ult., an indignation meeting was held, which was largely attended, and a committee waited on the Tibbetts boys, and warned them to leave the neighborhood within a given time, under penalty of lynching. A meeting was held shortly afterward and some two hundred citizens resolved to hang Alonzo Tibbetts, but the Sheriff got wind of the affair and had him secured in prison. On the morning of the 27th ult., hundreds of men assembled in the town of Morris and threatened to carry out their design against Tibbetts. An account of what resulted is given in the Morris *Herald* as follows:—

"At three o'clock the crowd held a meeting and resolved to break into the jail and get Tibbetts. They immediately repaired to the jail, broke open the iron door with crow-bars, and took Tibbetts across the river bridge to hang him. The Mayor, S. B. Thomas, Judge Keating, Judge Grant, Major Webber, the late Mayor, E. B. Hanna, and many other citizens, did what could be done by them to prevent it, but were overpowered and carried away by the mob bodily. The Sheriff left the jail about noon without leaving any guard, and went into the country to serve some papers. The crowd took Tibbetts in a wagon across the river bridge, put a rope around his neck, fastened it over a tree, and gave him an opportunity to speak. He said:—'My horses were poisoned by Thomas Page. Had I desired to kill him I should have done it then. I did not kill him. I can prove that I was not near there that day. I know nothing about it. My wife knows nothing about it, and I am innocent.' Some one from the crowd asked him if his brother Joseph did not kill Page. He answered, 'Since then Joe has told me that he meant to kill Page and did so.' He was asked why he did not testify so on trial. He answered, 'because he was my brother.'

They tied his hands behind him; he knelt down and prayed about three minutes. When he rose up they asked him what he wanted done with his body. He replied: 'Give it to my wife.' He then said: 'Gentlemen, I die with a clear conscience. I am innocent.' Some one then called to the crowd: 'Are you satisfied to hang him?' The crowd then shouted "no," but those in the wagon drove suddenly away, and left him dangling in the air. Efforts were made to cut him down, but all such were in vain. The mob kept all away until he was dead.

Great excitement prevailed. Some of the most influential and prominent men in the south part of the county are leaders in it. It was difficult to get the exact language used by Tibbetts, on account of the great excitement and confusion, but the foregoing is substantially correct."

RECONSTRUCTION IN TEXAS. By order of General Sheridan Gov. Throckmorton of Texas has been removed from his office, being regarded as an impediment to the reconstruction of the State under the late law of Congress. Hon. E. M. Pease has been appointed to succeed him in the office of Governor. Gov. Pease is a brother-in-law of Rev. C. R. Moor of this city. He is a native of Connecticut, but has resided in Texas since 1833. He is a lawyer of eminence at the Texas bar, has served in both branches of the Texas Legislature, and was twice elected Governor, serving from 1853 to 1857. He was a consistent Union man during the war.

The August number of the GALAXY, has a fine engraving to accompany the sad little poem "Under the Daisies," and the following articles—Steven Lawrence, Yeoman, by Mrs. Edwards; London Amusements, by W. Winwood Reade; The Zone of Calms; Why we left the Homestead, by Sophie May; Croquet, by L. Clarke Davis; Burglars, by Clifford Thompson; Pestallozzi in America, by C. D. Gardette; Under the Daisies, by Julia Fletcher; The Leg Business, by Olive Logan; Waiting for the Verdict, by Mrs. R. H. Davis; Who Invented Sewing Machines? The Pacific Railroad, by William C. Church; Nebulæ, by the Editor. The price of the Galaxy is $3.50; two copies for $6.00. Address W. C. & F. P. Church; 39 Park Row, New York.

☞ We learn from the Belfast *Journal* that the wife of Capt Jackson Pierson of St. George committed suicide in that town by drowning on Saturday 27th ult. She left a letter, stating that she had taken laudanum, which had failed, and that she should try water. Her hat and hoop-skirt were found under a tree near the shore, on Sunday morning, and soon afterwards her body was discovered in the water. A rock of about twenty pounds weight was attached to her neck by a cord. No reason is known that should have led to this act—but temporary insanity is the supposed cause. Mrs. Pierson was about twenty years old, and leaves an infant child.

☞ The Waterville *Mail* states that a young man named Fowler was killed in Clinton on Thursday morning last week. Notice of the accident was given by the horses coming alone from the field, and young Fowler was found lying upon the ground where they had last mowed, having apparently either been thrown from his seat, or caught by the starting of the horses while fixing the machine. His main injury was in the groin, where the principal artery was severed, so that he immediately bled to death. He was badly mutilated, and lived only a few minutes after he was discovered.

FIRE IN CASTINE. On Friday 26th ult., about 3 o'clock in the morning, the L and wood-shed of the house owned and occupied by Mr. H. L. Macomber, was destroyed by fire. The main house was saved in a damaged condition. Seven persons were asleep in the house, when the alarm was given, but fortunately all escaped. A portion of the furniture was saved, badly damaged. On Saturday morning the fire rekindled and the remainder of the house was destroyed. Insured.

☞ Mr. Leavitt Russel, a wealthy farmer, and the most extensive land owner in Winslow, as we learn from the Waterville *Mail*, was found dead in his bed on Wednesday morning last. His age was seventy-one years, and he had been in his usual good health up to the moment of his death. He leaves a family of twelve children—six sons and six daughters—with the widowed mother; his own death being the first that ever occurred in his family.

KNOX AND LINCOLN RAILROAD. A large railroad meeting was held in Rockland on Thursday evening last, presided over by the Mayor. The meeting was unanimously in favor of the railroad to Bath, and $50,000 were subscribed to the stock, on the spot; and the city voted to take stock to the amount of $100,000, and to loan its credit to the amount of $400,000, if necessary to complete the road.

☞ The eighth annual session of the Somerset Teachers' Association will be held at Athens, commencing on Tuesday, Aug. 20, and to continue four days. Among the lecturers and instructors are Dr. Ballard, State Superintendent of Common Schools; Prof. Henry C. Kendall, of Massachusetts; J. L. Hammett, Esq., of Boston; Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham, of Waterville; and Rev. T. C. Mitchell, of Madison.

☞ The Bangor *Whig* says that on Wednesday morning a little girl of four years, daughter of Mr. Arthur Libbey, was shockingly burned, her clothes being entirely consumed upon her person. It is supposed she caught the fire from playing with matches, as when first discovered her clothes were all ablaze.—There is little hope of her recovery.

☞ Geo. L. Crummett, a native of this city, has been sentenced to four years in the Charlestown State Prison, one day in solitary confinement, for highway robbery in Massachusetts.

☞ The Skowhegan *Clarion* says the drive of logs on the Kennebec, which have now all passed that place has been the largest that has been seen for many years

PROSPECTIVE IMPROVEMENT OF THE KENNEBEC WATER POWER. The Kennebec *Journal* of last week contains a detailed statement, derived we presume from authoritative sources, of the proposed plans of improvement of the Kennebec Water Power in this city by the A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Company. We transfer the material portion of the article to our columns for the information of our readers who are interested in the subject:

"The property transferred to the company amounts to about 600 acres, or a little less than a square mile, and was purchased from about 100 different owners. It extends on the east side of the river from the Henry Norcross farm, embracing the shore and a good strip of land, continuously to Lambard's foundry south of the bridge, a distance of about 7800 feet or not far from one and a half miles. A large part of this distance the property extends up to Bangor street. On the west side the Company owns from the Richardson farm to below the railroad bridge across Water street, a strip of varying width, including the entire shore and water privilege, a large portion of "Sand Hill," a strip from the Sand Hill road south, taking in the land on both sides of Mt. Vernon Avenue to Laurel street, and thence south on both sides of Water street to the extreme south limit of the purchase near the railroad bridge.

The dam, it is estimated, now furnishes, a minimum of 5000 horse power, in the dryest season. This can easily be nearly doubled by some improvements which are already projected, of which raising the height of the dam is the chief, and would afford a power sufficient to run all the mills which the topographical features of the land will admit of being advantageously and economically built. When we state that the present capacity of the dam is 340,000 spindles, or thirty to forty mills like the present cotton mill, it will readily be seen that when the power is fully developed the results will exceed the most sanguine expectations of those who have been earnestly favoring the great enterprise.

The first matter to be attended to in the construction of mills, is, of course, the provision of material for building. As our readers have already been informed, a large brick yard has been graded just above the dam on the west side, where an excellent quality of clay is found, and is in busy operation. It now has four brick machines of the old fashioned pattern and is capable of making, in good weather, 100,000 bricks a week. The kiln has a capacity of 300,000. The manufacture of the present year is regarded more as a preparation for similar work on a much larger scale. But large amounts of lumber will also be needed to build the interior of the mills, and the tenement houses. Provision has been made for this want also. The company has become a half owner of the property of the Kennebec Land and Lumber Company, which with the increased capital afforded by their union with it has purchased and now holds the steam saw mill on the east side of the river, an excellent farm in Pittston on which an ice house has been erected, and the foundation of another steam saw mill laid, to be built immediately, and townships and part townships of timber land in Franklin, Somerset and Piscataquis counties on the head waters of the Kennebec and Dead rivers. These will furnish all the lumber necessary for building.

As we remarked above, the chief problem has been where to locate mills most advantageously and economically. The first mill will probably be erected to the north of the present mill,—either one very large mill or two of medium size. Connected with it, but situated partly up the hill on the west side of the canal will be a very long and wide building of not more than two stories in height devoted wholly to weaving. The main entrance to this mill would be above the entrance of the Kennebec mill, on the Sand Hill road. As the mill will necessarily be located far above the water which will turn its wheels, the power will be carried up by shafting or belting from below.

The next mill will be placed on the east side of Water Street, its south end being close to the stone bridge over Bond Brook and running as far north as is deemed necessary. It will be built partly in front and opposite the Kennebec mill, and as far from the street as possible to secure the necessary light, without going too far from the the river. In this as in the weaving mill it is one of the first considerations to make sure of a good light in which to work.

Following this there will be located on the northern bank of Bond Brook another large mill, its lower end being near Water Street, and running up the bank. The canal which supplies the present cotton mill with water empties into the river east of the centre of the mill. It will necessarily be enlarged by widening on the west side, and by continuing it. The Bond Brook mill will use that stream for a raceway. The Kennebec mill and the one to be first built will use a new raceway to be constructed between the two.

Next, one very large or two smaller mills would be built south of Bond Brook and east of Water Street, running down nearly to the railroad bridge. This would be the southern lim of buildings in this direction.

If the necessities of the owners should then call for it the mills now located near the dam would then be taken away and a very large machine shop or flouring mill would be put up. This would occupy all the available space on the west side of the river suitable for building mills and would absorb a large proportion of the power.

On the east side of the Kennebec there is opportunity for only one very large or two smaller mills to be constructed without incurring a very great expense. These would be placed, if two were built, close to the dam, one almost wholly above and the other just below. If one large mill were built it would be mainly above the dam.

Other improvements are designed which we shall notice only briefly. It is the purpose of the company to build a block of storehouses north of the railroad bridge, west of Water Street and south of Laurel street for the reception and shipping of freight. The contract with the railroad includes the construction of a branch track in the rear of these houses, so as to save truckage. The tenement houses for the west side of the Kennebec will be located chiefly on Sand Hill, to the north of the thickly settled village now built there. As several valuable detached spots are already in their possession it is likely that large boarding house blocks capable of accommodating large numbers will be put up there. It is also a part of the plan to make material changes in the present mill, both in arrangement and in machinery. Much of that now in use is old fashioned and not economical. It will probably be so altered as to make print goods, the specialty of the Messrs. Sprague. The printing will be done by their large print mill in Rhode Island.

When the mills, which will be built in the order we have named them, are all in full operation, they will give direct employment to about 10,000 people, of whom a large proportion will be females. With them will come crowds of other people to engage in trade and in trades, to sell goods and to build houses, to warm, feed and cloth their occupants, so that the population will be swelled very much beyond the number which an addition of 10,000 to our present population would make.

COMMENCEMENT AT BRUNSWICK. The annual Commencement at Bowdoin College takes place the present week. The following is a programme of the exercises on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday:

TUESDAY.—Inauguration of President Harris at 11 o'clock A. M. Oration before the Literary Societies, by Professor J. H. Seelye, of Amherst College, at 3 o'clock P. M. In the evening a concert will be given, under the auspices of the Senior Class, by the Germania Band, of Boston, assisted by Miss Adelaide Phillips.

WEDNESDAY, *Commencement Day.*—The performances will commence at 10 1-2 o'clock. After Commencement Dinner the Alumni will adjourn to

FOREIGN NEWS. The following is a summary of the news from Europe during the past week, via the Atlantic Telegraph:

BERLIN, July 30. The Prussian journals denounce as false the Paris *Moniteur's* denial of Napoleon's note to the King of Prussia in regard to Schleswig, and insinuate that the denial was prompted by the defiant tone of King William's reply to the note from the French Emperor.

LONDON, July 30. In the House of Lords the Reform Bill has been amended by adding £5 to the annual amount of rental upon which copyhold and lodger franchise are respectively based. By these amendments the basis of copyhold franchise is increased from £5 to £10 per annum, and that of lodger franchise from £10 to £15.

PORTSMOUTH, July 30. The United States practice squadron, consisting of the frigate Macedonian, sloop-of-war Dale and other vessels, have arrived off Cowes.

LONDON, July 30. In the House of Commons today Lord Stanley, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, in answer to a question, stated that the Emperor Napoleon had sent a note to the King of Prussia, but that it would be improper to disclose its contents at present.

PARIS, July 30. This afternoon the trial of the reaping and mowing machines of the world took place on the Emperor's farm at Vincennes. Over dozen machines from France, Spain, England and the United States entered into competition for the international prizes. McCormick's reaper performed its allotted task in twenty-four minutes, and Wood's reaper in twenty-six minutes. The prizes will undoubtedly be given in accordance with these results. The American Machines worked better and faster than any of the others on the ground.

PARIS, July 31. In the competitive trial of mowing and reaping machines, which took place on the Imperial farm at Vincennes, the distribution of prizes made by the jury shows that the American inventions excelled all others. C. H. McCormick receives the highest prize for his reaper and mower, and gold medals are awarded to Messrs. Wood and Parry.

VIENNA, July 31. A terrible explosion has occurred in one of the large mines owned by the Rothschilds in Moravia. The mine was full of workmen at the time of the disaster, and more than one hundred miners are reported killed or injured.

LONDON, Aug. 1. The leaders of the reform movement have made arrangements for another grand meeting of the supporters of reform in Hyde Park, on Monday next, for the purpose of protesting against any cutting down of the franchise extended by the reform bill as it passed the House of Commons. An immense attendance is anticipated.

LONDON, Aug. 1. The tendency for all securities is better, as the feeling that war is approaching between France and Prussia is declining.

BERLIN, Aug. 2. King William of Prussia to-day issued a proclamation assuming the duties of Sovereign of the North German States.

PESTH, Aug. 2. At the recent election for members of the Hungarian Diet, Louis Kossuth was chosen to represent the citizens of Waitzen without a dissenting vote.

BERLIN, Aug. 2. Count Von Bismarck's official organ here, in an editorial article to-day, strongly urges the great powers of Europe to interfere in the Cretan question.

LONDON, Aug. 2. In the House of Lords, this evening, the Reform bill was reported from the Committee of the Whole, where it was under consideration, and ordered to a third reading. Final action will be taken on the measure on Tuesday next.

LONDON, Aug. 2. Dispatches have been received here to-day from Athens announcing that the Grecians have defeated the Turks in Crete in several recent engagements. The same dispatches make mention of the departure of the French squadron for Candia, for the purpose of bringing back refugees to Greece.

☞"With four metalic qualifications a man may be pretty sure of earthly success. These are gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart."

But for a tonic appetizer, and as a gentle stimulant, there is reliable virtue in Plantation Bitters. No article has ever been so popular or done half so much good. Let all who have not already tried this great stomachic, at once test its quality. We understand that the Druggists and grocers of this section are selling vast quantities, and that scarcely a family is without it. 2w31

☞Horace Greely, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column, is writing his Autobiography for the New York *Ledger*. With Mr. Beecher's story, the articles by the College Presidents, and Mr. Greeley's Autobiography, to say nothing of all the other popular features of the *Ledger*, the readers of that paper ought to be able to get their money's worth out of it.

☞Titcomb & Dorr, West end Kennebec bridge, wishing to reduce their stock of paper hangings, curtains, borderings, and mats of all kinds, are selling the same either at wholesale or retail, at very low prices. Call and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere. 32tf

TEBBETS' PHYSIOLOGICAL HAIR REGENERATOR never fails to restore the hair. Partridge, Druggist, is agent for its sale in Augusta.

MAGNOLIA WATER. A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price. 1y31

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

TUESDAY, August 6, 1867.

[Corrected weekly by J. MCARTUR, J. HEDER & CO., C. H. MULLIKEN & Co., and E. G. STORER.]

Flour,	$10.50 to 19.00	Clear Salt Pork,	$18.00 to 20.00
Corn Meal,	1 30 to 1 40	Mutton ℔ lb.	6 to 9
Rye Meal,	1 75 to 0 00	Spring Lamb ℔ lb,	10 to 13
Wheat,	none	Veal,	6 to 9
Rye,	1 30 to 1 50	Turkeys ℔ lb,	15 to 20
Corn,	1 20 to 1 25	Chickens ℔ lb,	15 to 21
Barley,	1 00 to 1 00	Clover Seed,	Nominal
Beans,	4 50 to 5 00	Herdsgrass,	"
Oats,	85 to 85	Red Top,	"
Potatoes,	50 to 50	Hay ℔ ton,	$15 to 15
Dried Apples,	10 to 12	Lime,	1 25 to 0 00
Cooking Apples,	1 00 to 1 50	Fleece Wool,	37 to 42
Butter,	28 to 30	Pulled Wool,	40 to 45
Cheese,	18 to 20	Sheep Skins,	10 to 30
Eggs,	21 to 25	Hides,	9 to 10
Lard,	14 to 18	Calf Skins,	17 to 20
Beef,	10 to 13	Lamb Skins,	25 to 75
Round Hog,	11 00 to 12 00	Wood, hard,	5 50 to 7 00

CATTLE MARKETS.

AT BRIGHTON, CAMBRIDGE AND MEDFORD

WEDNESDAY, July 31, 1867.

At market:	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.	Veal
Last week,	2993	8065	1350	400
This week,	1642	11,254	2490	200
One year ago, (July 25,)	1874	6,359	1700	200

PRICES.

BEEVES—Extra qual.... $13.50@13.75 | Per 100 lbs. on the total
First qual..... 13.00@13.25 | weight of hide, tallow,
Second do..... 12.00@12.75 | and dressed beef.
Third do ..... 10.00@11.75 |
Poorest grades of cows, bulls, &c., $7.50@9 00

WORKING OXEN—$200 to 225; handy steers, $160 to 200, or a little above their value as beef.

MILCH COWS—$60@80; Extra, $85@115; Heifers; farrow, $40@55.

SHEEP—℔ lb., 5@6c; Extra, 6¼@—c.

HIDES—Brighton, 10@10½c; country lots, 9@10c. CALF SKINS 20@22c. TALLOW, 7½@8¼ ℔ lb.

PELTS—Lambs, 50c; Shorn, 33c ℔ lb.

SHOTES—Wholesale, 0@0c; retail 0@00c ℔ lb.

DROVES OF CATTLE FROM MAINE.

J. & I. W Frost, 7.

REMARKS. As we predicted last week, the market went out dull, and prices declined before the close a ½ to ¾ a cent ℔ lb, and there were over 100 head of Western cattle left unsold. The trade did not open so lively on Saturday as drovers expected it would, and quite a large lot which were bought at Albany for this market, were taken to New York instead of coming here. The trade yesterday afternoon was quite active, and most of the Western dealers sold. There was but one small lot of 7 cattle from Maine this week.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—DROVES FROM MAINE.

A K Rolling, 98; S Rundlett, 110; J B Curtis, 193; E Boynton, 52; B Clark, 73; Mr Flagg, 33; O White, 60; Stall & Crockett, 156; Copp & Nadeiff, 125; E Lawrance, 46; J A Judkins, 240

The supply is large, and prices have declined fully 50c ℔ head from last week's quotations, many of them were taken at a commission. We quote sales of 62 Lambs at $3 00, 106 Lambs at $3 82, 60 at $4 15, 80 Sheep and Lambs at $3 87, 50 old Sheep average weight 84lbs, at 5½c ℔ lb, 118 Lambs average weight 61 lbs, at 9½ ℔ lb.

LIVE POULTRY About 3000 lbs received. Prices about 18c for good chickens and 20 to 22c ℔ lb for turkeys.

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

SATURDAY, August 3, 1867.

The wool market is weak, and prices lower and tending down; but it can hardly be characterized as dull, since, at the reduced rates the article is selling quite freely, and transactions for the past week foot up a large aggregate. The receipts of new wool have been very heavy of late; and, with stocks, rapidly accumulating on the hands of dealers—who in most cases, have made large advances on consignments—there is a general disposition on their part to meet the market in a liberal spirit

Sales of domestic wool for the week foot up some 1,000,000 lbs at a range of 37 @65 for fleece and 45@50 for the various grades of pulled.

PORTLAND MARKET.

PORTLAND, August 3, 1867.

APPLES—Green ℔ bbl. $6 00@8 00; Sliced, ℔ lr. 15@ 16.

BUTTER—Country ℔ lb25, @28, Choice Table, 30@35; Store 17@18.

BEANS—Marrow ℔ bush. $0 00@0 00; Pea $4 75@5 25; Blue Pod, $4 25@4 75.

CHEESE—New, 12@16c.

FISH—Cod, large shore, ℔ quin. $6 00@7 00; large Bank ℔ quin $5 00@6 00; small Bank, ℔ quin. $3 00@0 00; Pollock, ℔ quin. $3 25@4 45; Haddock ℔ quin. $2 00@2 25; Hake $2 00@2 50; Herring, shore, ℔ bbl., $6 00@7 00; Scaled ℔ box, 95c@ 48c; No. 1 Herring ℔ box, 20@25c; Mackerel, ℔ bbl. — Bay No. 1, $18 00@19 00; Bay No. 2, $00 00@00 00; Shore No. 1, $19 00@20 00; Shore No. 2, $00.00@ 00.00, Shore No. 3, small $6 00@7.25

GRAIN—Rye, $1 75@1 85; Oats 90@.95c; mixed corn, $1 10 @1.15; Yellow, $1.15@1.20; Barley, 1 10@1 25c, Shorts per ton $42@45.

HAY—℔ net ton, pressed, $23@26 00; loose $22@26.

HIDES AND SKINS—Western 18@19; Slaughter Hides, 9½ @ 10c; Calf Skins, 20@00; Lamb Skins 1 00@1 25.

PRODUCE—Potatoes ℔ bush, $ 75@1 00; Beef ℔ lb., 10@ 13c; Eggs ℔ doz., 25@26c; Turkeys, 20@25c; Chickens, 17@ 20c; Geese, 20@23; Onions, $1 25@1 50 ℔ bush.; Lamb, 18@20c; Veal 10@12c.—*Price Current.*

BOSTON MARKET..... Aug. 4.

FLOUR—Western Superfine, $6.00@8.00; Common extras at $9.00@10, 00, Medium extras at $10. 50@ 12.50; and good and choice, including favorite St. Louis brands, at $13.00@16.50 ℔ bbl

CORN—Western mixed, $1 10@1.14; yellow, $1.22@$1.24

OATS—Northern and Canada, 85@100c ℔ bush; P. E. Island 90@00c.

RYE—1 70 @1 75 ℔ bush. Shorts $35@$36; Fine Feed $38@ 45; and Middlings at $45@50 ℔ ton.

HAY—Sales from $20 to 23.

NEW YORK MARKET..... Aug. 5.

FLOUR—State, $6 25@10.90; round hoop Ohio, $9.15@12.00 Western, $6.25@11.80; Southern, $11.75@15.25; Canada dull.

WHEAT—No. 2 Milwaukee new, $1.90@$1.95; Milwaukee Club .00.

CORN—Mixed western, 1,4@1,7.

Special Notices.

SCHENCK ON DYSPEPSIA.

SYMPTOMS, CAUSES AND REMEDY.

Symptoms of Dyspepsia—A sense of fullness, tightness, and weight in the stomach, together with flatulency, acidity, sour, offensive belching of wind, water-brash and vomiting, and a great deal of what a person calls an all-gone feeling at the pit of the stomach; frequently there is also a palpitation of the heart, which physicians mistake for heart disease, and when the stomach is in this condition it is coated with a mucus or slime. The rough fibrous portions of the stomach, similar to what we see in tripe, is what throws out the gastric juice, and when the stomach gets a thick coat of slime on it, it prevents the gastric juice from flowing, and digestion ceases. Schenck's seaweed dissolves this mucus or slime, and restores the stomach to its natural condition.

Schenck's Mandrake Pills are also required to carry off this morbid matter. Two-thirds of the cases of Consumption are caused from this diseased state of the stomach; the liver becoming torpid, it ceases to throw out bile, and in a short time the whole system is deranged. The mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes sympathizes with the other organs, and before the patient is aware of it, he or she has Bronchial or Pulmonary Consumption.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup cannot act freely through the blood when the system is in this locked-up condition, without the aid of the Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills. The Liver has all the venous blood to strain, and when it gets into a morbid condition, blood and bile run through the system mixed, and the whole body becomes so low, and the blood so thick it can hardly run through the veins. In a majority of the cases hemorrhages occur from this thick condition of the blood. The Mandrake Pills act on the Liver similar to calomel, or they do what that does—it unlocks the gall bladders, starts the bile and the blood begins to circulate naturally through the veins, and the hemorrhages cease. If, when persons are attacked with hemorrhage, they would first take a good purgative, something that would act on the liver, they would soon be relieved from bleeding from the lungs, and it is the only way, for astringents are only temporary, and irritate the bronchial tubes, and lay the groundwork for consumption.

DR. SCHENCK will be professionally at his rooms every week, 33 Bond street, New York, and 35 Hanover street, Boston, from 9 A. M. until 3 P. M. He gives advice free, but for a thorough examination with the Respirometer the charge is $5.

His medicines are for sale by all druggists and dealers. Also a full supply at all times at his rooms.

Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic each $1.50 per bottle, or $7.50 the half dozen. Mandrake Pills 25 cents per box.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover Street, Agents for Boston. For sale by all druggists. 1e4wly49

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES,

old in Augusta by TITCOMB & DORR, Druggists.

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES,

Sold in Augusta at FULLER'S Drug Store. 21

PITTSBURGH, September 4, 1866.

Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa.

GENTS:—I think I am only doing the part of a good citizen when testify to the great benefits received by me from the use of your Stomach Bitters during the last five years. Sojourning a time in the oil regions, in 1861, I had a severe bilious attack, which, in connection with dyspepsia, left me in a very weak condition. I was advised to try your Bitters, and, having procured a bottle, found that they worked like a charm upon me, eight pounds having been added to my weight in the space of one week and new life seemed to have been infused into my system, so much so, that I have been induced to use them every summer since that time. As a tonic, I think they are invaluable.

This summer, having had a similar attack, (and as before, much reduced,) although under the treatment of an A No. 1 physician, I was again obliged to have recourse to the old Bitters, and with the same good result, having gained six pounds within a few days. I purchased a half dozen bottles a few weeks since, and purpose to use them regularly as a tonic.

Wishing you every success, I remain

Yours, gratefully,

4w34 WILLIAM MILLER.

Valuable Medicine.

The sale of this remarkable and truly valuable pre paration. Perry Davis' Pain Killer is constantly and rapidly increasing. During the past year the demand for the great remedy has been altogether unprecedented Scarcely a week passed by, during which we do not hear of some remarkable cure having been performed within the circle of our acquaintance by the use of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.—*Providence Advertiser.*

Persons afflicted with any disease arising from a disordered liver or stomach, nervous debility, dyspepsia or liver complaint should try Perry Davis' Pain Killer. It seldom fails to effect a cure in a very short time. Sold by druggists generally throughout the United States.

From Saturday Evening Gazette.

It is impossible to find a place on this broad land where Perry Davis' Pain Killer is not known as a most valuable remedy for physical pain. In the country, miles from physician or apothecary, the Pain Killer is cherished as the exclusive panacea, and it never deceives. 1m34

An old Nurse for Children.—Don't fail to

procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. No mother who has ever tried it will consent to let her child pass through this critical period without the aid of this invaluable preparation. Gives rest to the mother and relief and health to the child Cures wind colic and regulates the bowels. 35 cents a bottle. Be sure and call for

"MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,"

Having the *fac simile* of "CURTIS & PERKINS" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations. 1w35

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP,

old in Augusta at FULLER'S Drug Store. 21

DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT.

THE GREAT EXTERNAL REMEDY, CURES.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Stiff Neck and Joints, Bruises, Headache, Gout, Lumbago, Sprains, Cuts and Wounds, Toothache, Sores, Ulcers, Burns and Scalds, Chilblains, Bites and Stings,

Also the most efficient remedy for LAMENESS, SPRAINS, GALLS, SPRAINS, &c., in horses.

GEO. C GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Manufacturers and Sole Agents. Sold by all Druggists. 16weop15

Turner's Tic Doloureux or Universal Neuralgia Pill

is a safe, certain and speedy Cure for Neuralgia and all Nervous Diseases. In many severe cases one dose completes and permanently cured in a very short time. Neuralgia in the face or head is utterly banished in a few hours. No form of Nervous disease withstands its magic influence. It has the unqualified approval of many eminent physicians. It contains nothing injurious to the most delicate system. Sold everywhere. Sent on receipt of $1.00 and two postage stamps.

TURNER & CO.,

1y30 120 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., Proprietors.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

With B. T. BABBITT'S pure Concentrated Potash, or ready soap maker. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of soft soap. No lime is required. Consumer will find this the cheapest Potash in market. B. T. BABBITT,

9m45 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

It will be a great Blessing to the afflicted to know that they can positively be cured of neuralgia, nerveache, painful nervous affections, headache, hysterics and nervous debility by partaking of an occasional dose of DR TURNER'S Diodoleraux or Universal Neuralgia Pill. The extraordinary power of this invaluable medicine is proved by a mass of evidence and testimonials. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot, 120 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Price $1 per package by mail, two postage stamps extra. 3m24

FISHER'S COMPOUND MANDRAKE BITTERS.

From the original recipe. Unrivalled for its efficiency.

A sure cure for **Diseases of the Blood and Scrofulous Humors.** Prepared by G. W. Wallingford, grandson of the late Dr. Fisher. NASON SYMONDS & CO., Kennebunk, Proprietors; RUST BROS. & BIRD, 43 Hanover St., Boston, sole agents for New England. 3m26

MOTH & FRECKLES.

The only reliable remedy for those brown discolorations on the face called Moth Patches and Freckles, is PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. Prepared only by DR. B. C PERRY Dermatologist. 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists in Augusta and elsewhere. Price $2 per bottle. 6m15

USE SCHLOTTERBECK'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION,

Warranted equal to the best for removing Moths, Freckles, &c., price only 50 cents per bottle. For sale in Augusta by CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE, Druggist. 31

FISHER'S COUGH DROPS.

A standard remedy for COUGHS and CONSUMPTION, prepared by G. W. Wallingford, grandson of the late Dr. Fisher. NASON, SYMONDS & CO . Kennebunk, Me., Proprietors; G. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover St., Boston, N. E. Agents. 3m26

Whiskers. DR LAMONTE'S CORRILLIA will force Whiskers upon the smoothest face, or Hair upon Bald Heads. Never known to fail. Samples sent for 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 48 Nassau St., New York. 1y30*

Sick Headache. Very many are troubled with this distressing complaint every few days through the Summer months. A gentleman from Ohio who has been subject to such attacks writes that COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE cured him. 1w35

COE'S COUGH BALSAM,

Sold in Augusta by TITCOMB & DORR. Druggists. 15

Married.

In Winslow, July 30th, by Rev. J. Dinsmore, George W. Hunt of Pittston, to Susan G Shorey.

In Rockland, June 30th, Alden A. Kaler to Frances H. Hall, both of Thomaston.

In Searsmont, July 1st, Edward Burgess to Mary a Richards, both of s.

In Camden, July 8th, S. Leander Bills to Adrianna V. Payson, both of Hope.

Died.

In Norridgewock, June 10th, of heart disease and dropsy, Asa Leonard, aged 76 years.

In New Orleans, June 30th, of yellow fever, Mrs. Alvena B. Hooper, July 13th, of the same, Capt. G. M. Hooper, both of Pittston, Me.

In Starks, July 21st, Levander Sawtelle, aged 29 years.

In Belmont, July 13th, Warren, son of Joseph and Abagail Brewster, aged 29 yrs.

In Milbridge, July 15th, Wilber Jones, son of Rev. K. N., and Martha A. Meservey, aged 6 years

DR. L. A. SHATTUCK,

ECLECTIC

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE OVER NASON & HAMLIN'S,

Corner Bridge and Water Sts., Augusta, Me.

Acute Diseases, and all cal's Medical or Surgical, promptly and carefully attended to.

As heretofore particular attention given to Chronic Diseases, including CANCER, SCROFULA HUMORS, and diseases peculiar to Women and Children.

DR. SHATTUCK does not employ *Mercury* and other *poisonous minerals* in common use, but adopts a more rational and successful method, consisting of the judicious and correct application and adoption of Nature's harmless but efficient remedies in the cure of disease.

HOURS OF OFFICE CONSULTAION, except when urgently called away, from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 P. M

Night calls answered at the Office. 6w35*

REAL ESTATE

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Money loaned on real estate security.

C. B. CATES & CO.

East Vassalboro', 35tf

HORACE GREELEY'S OWN LIFE,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

FOR THE

NEW YORK LEDGER.

Something for Fathers to Buy for their Sons to Read.

In this week's LEDGER we begin the publication of the Autobiography of the HON. HORACE GREELEY, which Mr. Greeley is now writing expressly for the New York Ledger. The title of it is

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

It will appear in successive issues of the LEDGER. Probably no work more instructive to the young, in the formation of character, has ever been published; at the same time it will possess all the interest of a novel. The poor boy, rising, by his own exertions, to be the distinguished man, is a theme which cannot fail both to entertain and instruct, especially when the whole story is told with the fascinating charm of simple truth.

MR. BEECHER'S GREAT WORK,

NORWOOD,

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE,

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER,

is now published in the NEW YORK LEDGER.

The Presidents of the principal Colleges, the greatest Wits, Scholars, and Statesmen, write for the NEW YORK LEDGER.

CHARMING STORIES—The short stories in the LEDGER, begun and finished in the same number, are the most delightful stories contained in any publication in the world.

You always get more than your money's worth in the NEW YORK LEDGER.

The NEW YORK LEDGER is for sale at all the book stores, at 6 cents a copy; and mailed to subscribers at $3 a year, or two copies for $5

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,

3t35 No. 90 Beekman street, New York.

THE GREAT UNITED STATES

TEA WAREHOUSE,

No 30 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

Agents Wanted in every locality to get up Clubs amongst families for our TEAS and COFFEES. We can save to families 50 cts. to $1 per pound on Teas, and 10 cts. to 25 cts. on Coffees. We import *direct* and sell at *Cargo* prices, thus saving to consumers the five or six profits made by *Middle-men*. Satisfaction warranted or money refunded. We pay a liberal Commission to AGENTS to get up *Clubs* for us, and many agents make a handsome and regular weekly income. Address immediately,

The Great United States Tea Warehouse,

of T. Y. KELLEY & CO., No. 30 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK. POST OFFICE BOX 574. 4w35

TITCOMB'S AROMATIC TONIC ELIXIR.

Prepared only by

TITCOMB & DORR,

Apothecaries,

West End Ken. Bridge, Water St., Augusta.

CURES Dyspepsia, Corrects Indigestion and Flatulency, Prevents Liver Complaints and Billious Fevers, Relieves Constipation and Headache. Strengthens the Nervous System.

Dose ½ Wine-glass three times a day. 35tf

WESTERN

NORMAL SCHOOL,

FARMINGTON, MAINE.

THE FALL TERM will begin August 21st, under the direction of MR. GEORGE M. GAGE, Principal.

EDWARD BALLARD,
Superintendent of Common Schools.

Brunswick, July 29, 1867. 2w35

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of July*, 1867.

AARON S. LYFORD, Guardian of Levi M. Philbrick, Rosie C. Philbrick and Warren Philbrick, minors, having presented his first account of Guardianship of said wards for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 35*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of July*, 1867.

JOSEPH A. HOMAN and WILLIAM R. SMITH, surviving Executors of the last will and testament of James S. Manley, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having presented their final account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance; and also their request to be discharged from that trust:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed, and they be discharged.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge,*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 35*

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of July*, 1867.

JABEZ LEWIS, Executor of the last will and testament of Warren L. Keier, late of China, in said County, deceased, having declined accepting the Trusteeship under said will, and petitioned for the appointment of Bethirah Keller to that trust:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register,* 35*

NOTICE TO PEW HOLDERS.

There will be an adjourned meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and the owners of pews in the Methodist Church in Augusta, at the said meeting house, on Thursday, August 8th, at 7 o'clock P. M., to consider the matter of repairing and remodelling their church. All members of said Society, and especially pew owners are requested to be present.

E. ATKINS, Clerk of W. M. S.

Augusta, Aug. 5th, 1867. 1135

10,000 ACRES LAND WARRANTS.

at highest cash rates wanted immediately. Apply or address WM HOBBS, Jr.

1s35tf 10 State St. Boston, Mass.

NEW BOOKS.

Wool Gathering by Gail Hamilton, a story of Doom and other Poems by Jean Ingelow and other new books For sale by

35tf E FENNO & SON

PIERCE BROTHERS,

2d Door North of Darby Block, Water Street,

AUGUSTA, ME.,

DEALERS IN

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Periodicals, Newspapers, and Toilet and Fancy Goods in Great Variety.

We have on hand a large assortment of Base Balls, Bats and Base Ball Books of all kinds. Base Ball clubs can procure balls and bats of us as cheap as in New York.

PIERCE BROTHERS are also Agents for the Anchor line of Glasgow and Liverpool Steamships, which leave New York every Saturday. Fare, Cabin, $110 and $90; Steerage, $25 21tf

FURNITURE NOTICE!

For sale CHEAP FOR CASH at No. 6, Bridge's Block.

300 Cane and Wood chairs;
100 Sofas and Stuffed chairs;
100 Willow and Children's chairs;
100 Folding and Office chairs;
300 Bureaus, Sinks, and Tables;
100 Chamber setts, and Spring beds;
125 Mattresses, and Feather beds;
300 Brackets and Oval frames;
400 Engravings and Photographs;
150 Mirrors and Writing desks;
100 Work boxes and Willow baskets;
175 Cane and Wood stools;
100 French and Cottage bedsteads.

Dec 18th 1866. 2tf C. R. & H. W. WELLS.

AMERICAN COW MILKER.

This article—which has received the universal approval of every dairyman who have used it, and been awarded numerous premiums at State and County Fairs—is now presented to the farmers of Maine with the assurance that it will most completely meet their wants as furnishing an article that has long been needed to render the work of the dairy complete The following testimonial is a specimen of hundreds that might be given:

WEST BRADFORD, Pa., 9th Month, 1867.

L. O. COLVIN: Respected Friend,—After some misgiving I am prepared to acknowledge the American Milking Machine a complete success, having had it used in our dairy nearly two months. Our cows are milked in one-half the time that it required by hand. Respectfully, HENRY L. PRATT.

County and town rights in Maine for sale. Apply to

5w34* W. M. HERBERT, Bristol Me.

DR. VAIL'S

Granite State Health Institute,

HILL, N. H.,

Is one of the most popular Institutions of the kind in the United States, as a real cure for invalids. Hundreds of long-standing and difficult cases of disease are cured here every year without the use of drugs or medicines of any kind, which perfectly demonstrates the wonderful power and immense superiority of the hygiule mode of treating disease. Invalids will inclose a stamp for circular. Address,

W. T. VAIL, M. D.,

7w34* HILL, N. H.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

FITS—A Sure Cure for these distressing complaints is —now made known in a Treatise on Foreign and Native

FITS—Herbal preparations, published by DR. O. PHELPS —BROWN. The prescription was discovered by him in

FITS—such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured every-

FITS—body who has used it, never having failed in a single —case. It is equally sure in cases o Fits as Dyspepsia;

FITS—and the ingredients may be obtained from any druggist

—Sent Free to all on receipt of five cents to pre-pay

FITS—postage, etc. Address DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No —19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. 3w34

PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES,

Combining the maximum of

EFFICIENCY, DURABILITY AND ECONOMY,

with the minimum of weight and price. They are widely and favorably known, more than 600 being in use All warranted satisfactory, or no sale. Descriptive circulars sent on application. Address

6m23 J. C. HOADLEY & CO., Lawrence, Mass

SOME MORE OF THOSE NICE KIDS,

just received, only $1 25. F. BRIDGE & CO.,

33 Successors to WHEELER & HOBSON.

CORSETS.

German Corsets, best makes in white and colors, at

April, 22, 1867. 20 BARTON & RUSSELL'S.

WANTED IN EVERY FAMILY!

The Nonpareil Fruit Sealer,

PATENTED JULY 17, 1866.

GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE.

And used by more than ten thousand families in the Middle States, last year, with perfect success; and taking the FIRST PREMIUM at State Fairs in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, it being the simplest, cheapest, and most effectual SELF SEALER ever invented. From thousands of bottles of fruit put up by the use of our Sealer, we have not heard of one being spoiled or damaged.

The advantages of this mode of sealing are: We use old jars, cans, or bottles, and save the expense of buying new—can use it on tin, stone, or glass—a mere child can do the work—the same Sealers can be used for years—do not use any corks—the sealing is done on the inside—will have no mouldy or fermented fruits—no fine wax gets in when opening—no bottles broken in opening—no escape of steam or gases—the labor of sealing ten the common way, is equal to one hundred this way. Those who try it will never go back to the old mode of sealing.

All kinds of fruits and vegetables can be preserved and perfectly good for years if *the air* be expelled and kept out. Apples, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Quinces, Grapes, Gooseberries, Currants, Blackberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Tomatoes, Pumpkin, Rhubarb, Beans, Peas, Green Corn, Catchup, Maple Syrup, Sweet Cider, and indeed, anything you please, provided it is put in at the highest boiling heat, and sealed perfectly tight immediately.

The success in preserving anything, depends on having it boiling hot when put into the bottles or cans, and sealing them as quickly as possible—without such heat and rapid sealing it is impossible to keep Corn, Beans, Peas, &c.—Mould and fermentation are vegetable growths, but without the oxygen of the atmosphere they cannot exist; therefore perfect sealing is a barrier they cannot pass. All fruits or vegetable put up with our sealing process, will keep in every case—and will be found properly applied, to keep for years in just as good order as they were when put up. At a small expense families can have a choice lot of preserved fruits and vegetables, at any season of the year, as our mode of sealing is much cheaper and easier than any other process now in use. In a year of plenty, when fruits are very abundant, you can put up enough to last you until another year of plenty. There will be no risk to run, for you can keep your fruit as long as you choose.

It can be applied to any jug, jar, can or bottle, of whatever size; is perfectly air tight, making it

A PERFECT SELF-SEALER,

which will *seal quicker, open easier, and keep fruit better than any other self-sealing jar ever invented.*

No sugar is necessary in canning, when this Sealer is used.

Family rights to make and use the Sealer, for sale for ONE DOLLAR ONLY.

The cost of the Sealer is about *one cent per jar.*

It is no untried invention, but has been tested one year, and pronounced by thousands to be unequalled. In Ohio, (where it was invented,) as well as in New York, it met with unparalleled success last season.

Read what Dr W. S. Newcomb, of Salem, Ohio, says about it: "Out of nearly 100 jars and bottles sealed by the Nonpareil Fruit Sealer, last year, not one has spoiled."

Nonpareil Fruit Jar,

THE BEST SELF SEALING JAR EVER KNOWN.

It Stands Unrivalled.

Family size (1 quart) sells for only $2 per dozen—$1 per dozen less than other *Jars* of the same size, and of inferior quality; the price bringing them within the means of every family.

One of the largest small-fruit growers in Western New York, says:

"Having tested them, I have no hesitation in saying that the Nonpareil Fruit Jar is not only the cheapest but the most reliable Fruit Jar in the market."

Buy the Best! Buy no other!

Sold wholesale and retail at 23 and 24, Old State House, Boston, Mass. PAUL, SHERMAN & CO.

A Live Man Wanted to act as Local Agent in every town in the State, for the sale of the Nonpareil Fruit Sealer, and to take orders for the Nonpareil Fruit Jars, to whom will be given the exclusive right free of cost, which is no small advantage, as town agencies in the Western States are held at a premium of from fifty to three hundred dollars. For rights or agencies, call on or address, for two weeks, PAUL, SHERMAN & CO.,

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WHITMAN'S THRESHING MACHINES,

AND

Wrought Iron Railway Horse Power.

The subscriber would announce to his friends and the public generally, that he still manufactures at his old place in Winthrop, his celebrated Horse Power Thresher, Separator and Cleaner, complete, with all the *late* improvements which render it the BEST THRESHING MACHINE IN USE. It runs easier, threshes faster, cleans better, and with less waste than any other machine. These machines are manufactured from the *best materials* and are finished in a thorough and workmanlike manner, and are warranted in all of the above particulars. Send for descriptive circular, *gratis*

I am manufacturing for the wholesale and retail trade superior PORTABLE CIDER MILLS, SAWING MACHINES for sawing wood and lumber, and various kinds of Agricultural Implements and Shop Machinery. I also manufacture my improved TURBINE WATER WHEEL, which practical men consider gives the greatest amount of power with a small quantity of water, of any wheel in use. Wheels can be seen running in various towns in this State, also one at the Winthrop Cotton Mills, and several others in this village. LUTHER WHITMAN.

Winthrop, July 25, 1867. 9t34

GERMAN WORSTEDS,

IN EVERY VARIETY AND OF THE BEST QUALITY,

Patterns and all materials for working are kept constantly on hand at

MISS FISHER'S,

Over the Drug Store of Titcomb & Dorr, West end of Kennebec Bridge.

Shawls, Capes, Infants' Cloaks, Hoods, Afghans,

and all other articles manufactured from ZEPHYR, kept on hand or made at short not

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER

Poetry.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

O weary child of toil and care,
Trembling at every cloud that lowers,
Come and behold how passing fair
Thy God hath made the flowers.

From every hillside's sunny slope,
From every forest's leafy shade,
The flowers, sweet messengers of Hope,
Bid thee "Be not afraid."

The Wind-flower blooms in yonder bower,
All heedless of to-morrow's storm;
Nor trembles for the coming shower
The Lily's stately form.

No busy shuttle plied to deck
With sunsets tints the blushing Rose
And little does the Harebell reck
Of toil and all its woes.

The Water-Lily, pure and white,
Floats idle on the summer stream—
Seeming almost too fair and bright
For aught but poet's dream.

The gorgeous Tulip, though arrayed
In gold and gems, knows naught of care;
The Violet in the mossy glade,
Of labor hath no share.

They toil not—yet the Lily's dyes
Phœnician fabrics far surpass;
Nor India's rarest gem outvies
The little Blue-eyed Grass.

For God's own hand hath clothed the flowers
With fairy form and rainbow hue,
Hath nurtured them with summer showers,
And watered them with dew.

To-day, a thousand blossoms fair,
From sunny slope or sheltered glade,
With grateful incense fill the air—
To-morrow they shall fade.

But thou shalt live when sinks in night
You glorious sun; and shall not He
Who hath the flowers so richly dight,
Much rather care for thee?

O faithless murmurer! thou mayest read
A lesson in the lowly sod;
Heaven will supply thine every need;
Fear not, but trust in God.

Our Story-Teller.

ROMANCE IN A BOARDING HOUSE.

A few years ago, on my return from India, I was perplexed where to locate myself for the winter months. I did not at all relish the idea of entering a new house at such an unfavorable season; so my friends advised me to board somewhere till the spring of the coming year, and in the mean time I could look about me, and arrange my future plans. I resolved to follow this advice, and it was even suggested to my mind, that if I found this style of living agreeable, I might continue it for the whole year that must elapse before my husband joined me, in preference to burdening myself, while alone, with the responsibility of a house of my own.

According to further instructions from obliging friends, I caused an advertisement to be inserted in the "Times," to the effect, "that a lady just returned from India required board and residence, where she would have pleasant and select society, and a comfortable home, in return for liberal remuneration."

I was positively inundated with answers. Some from ladies who "merely received a few inmates in their home circle for the sake of society," but who quite repudiated the notion of keeping a "boarding house." Some from the widows of professional men, who were "compelled, through the death of their lamented partners, to add to their limited incomes by admitting strangers into the bosom of their families;" but very few who seemed to pride themselves upon "their old established houses, the excellent table kept, the patronage of distinguished foreigners and sociable whist evenings," and to none of these latter ones would my friends hear of my going; though for my own part, I scarcely liked the idea of intruding upon any of those "strictly private families," who evidently thought the privilege a great one, and named the remuneration they would kindly accept at a proportionately high rate.

After useless and innumerable interviews, besides a host of letters, I became thoroughly stupid and bewildered; and having arrived at this point fell an easy prey to one who evidently understood the business most thoroughly. Mrs. Wilson, my captor, took great pains to impress me with the fact that her connections were most "genteel," therefore "she never took any one into the house but people of the highest respectability; for she had too much regard for the memory of the late Mr. Wilson to act otherwise."

Her house was situated in a nice part of Bayswater; it was well furnished, and well managed by the clever widow, who seemed to know how to look after her own interests; and in spite of "former days," when she "had lavished money recklessly," she had acquired since as fair a notion of the value of £ s d as it was possible for any one to have if they had studied the matter all their lives.

When I made my *debut* in the drawing-room the first evening of my arrival, shortly before dinner was announced, in addition to a sort of general introduction, Mrs. Wilson favored me with an especial one, to the few whom she evidently considered the *creme* of the assembly.

They were Mrs. Colonel Stacey, a tall, stiff old lady, with white hair, and a faded but still handsome face, and the manner and deportment of a perfect gentlewoman; but, as I soon discovered, one who was ever on the alert to obtain the best of everything for herself, and take out the full value of her money. Mrs. Wilson thought it such an advantage to have a real Colonel's widow, that she yielded to her whims and fancies and consulted her taste in the choice of viands, &c.; and Mrs. Stacey took good care to keep up this feeling, and managed to inspire, not only Mrs. Wilson, but the other inmates of the establishment, with a certain amount of awe towards her. She did not receive me with much cordiality, and I think it was because she had a kind of idea that I might try to usurp her place, on the strength of coming from India, but she was slightly reassured when she heard that my husband "only" held a civil appointment. Mrs. and Miss Primrose, on the contrary, overwhelmed me with civilities, and might have known me for years. The former bore the remains of good looks, and was attired in the deepest of widow's weeds, a style of dress which became her, and was for this reason still worn; for her husband, I found, had been defunct many years. Still she never made any allusion to him, without heart-rending sighs, and even applications to her eyes of a deeply black-bordered cambric pocket handkerchief; and she fastened her collar with a funeral brooch containing his hair.

Lavinia Primrose was a gushing, sentimental young lady (of seven or eight and twenty I should have said, had her mother not told me that she was just nineteen;) she was attired in light muslins and fluttering ribbons, and though not bad looking, she spoiled herself by an unmeaning simper, and a profusion of feathery ringlets that made her head look very much like a mop.

Mrs. Primrose was quite confidential, and during the little time we waited for dinner, she told me that she had to make many sacrifices for her dear girl's health, which was very delicate. She had given up a perfect mansion near town, because the air was not so good; and she submitted to the discomforts of a boarding house, that she might be ready to start off for Italy at the slightest appearance of a change for the worse, for the dear girl, she feared, was consumptive, and of such a nervous, finely-wrought nature, that she required the most tender care.

For my own part I could not discover anything particularly delicate in the round face and rather too plump figure of the young lady; so I ventured to suggest that she would be very likely to outgrow the dreaded symptoms, and that even now I could not pay her the bad compliment to say she looked ill.

Mrs. Primrose thanked me for my sympathy, with her handkerchief raised to her eyes, and added that dear Livy's complexion was so brilliant that it deceived many people. She then pointed out a Captain Vernon, and in a loud whisper, which I felt sure he heard, informed me that he was the younger son of a noble family, but had the advantage over most younger sons, of inheriting a country estate and fine fortune from his mother; and having seen plenty of active service, he had now retired on his laurels, and she thought would take a wife and settle down to a quiet home life. She said this so significantly that I could only conclude that her daughter was his choice; and yet, as I looked at him, I could scarcely think such a man would choose such a woman. He was apparently about forty, and though not positively handsome, there was something noble and aristocratic in his face, and soldier-like and commanding in his tall, fine figure. The expression of his clear blue eyes was frank and open, and the lines of his mouth firm and decided, with a touch of satire. He was polite and attentive to all the ladies, and if rather more so to Lavinia than to the rest, it was apparently because she drew it forth.

At dinner I had an opportunity of observing the rest of the company. There were two sisters, Miss White and Miss Bella White; the elder a noisy, rather vulgar woman, who made fun of everybody in a good-tempered sort of way, and laughed long and loudly at her own jokes, which sometimes went home too severely to be enjoyed by those against whom they were directed; the younger sister was quieter, and pretended to be shocked at "Fan's outbursts;" but she was more objectionable with her affectation and over attempts to be a lady than the other with her noise and coarseness. There was a quiet old lady who did not talk much but took everybody and everything just as she found them. A thin, tall, elderly city gentleman took the bottom of the table; he wore a rusty black tail-coat, a stiff white neckcloth, and high shirt-collars; his manner was grave and impressive, and he dignified every lady with the appellation of "Mum," and tried to be particularly civil to the eldest Miss White.—There was also a stout stock broker, who wore a short cut-away coat, and a colored necktie, with a red, blotchy face and straight brown hair, who never looked off his plate (except to address Miss Bella White,) and kept one in a state of alarm lest he should have a fit of apoplexy.

Remarks upon the fare at table were pretty freely made on all sides, and I was surprised to find how coolly our hostess listened to them. Mrs. Stacey complained of everything, and kept enumerating the things she was sure must be in season, and "quite reasonable," and wondering that Mrs. Wilson did not see about them; still, she managed to make a very good dinner, and partook of every dish with the air of a martyr.

The fair Lavinia's appetite was such as might be expected from the delicate creature her mother had described her to be; but as I afterward found that she made an early tea in her own room at five o'clock, I was no longer surprised. But she seemed to think that her neighbor, the Captain, ought not to be hungry either, for she plied him with questions, and allowed him little time for eating.

After we had returned to the drawing-room, the eldest Miss White sat by me, entered into conversation, and kept me on what is called "thorns," by the remarks she made about every one, in her loud key. She informed me that Captain Vernon had been to Mrs. Wilson's four years running, and that Lavinia Primrose and her mother were trying hard to catch him, as he was worth having; that it was all very fine of Mrs. Primrose to ape the grand lady now, but she could remember the time, not so very far back either, when Mrs. Primrose had kept the "Green Dragon" in Cheapside, and that Lavinia's fortune was not anything worth making a fuss over; then she laughed at the idea of her being only nineteen, and said she would vouch for her being at least thirty.

I said that it appeared to me rather a pleasant way of living as we were doing.

"Yes, indeed it is!" she replied. "There is no place like a boarding house for fun and love matches. This is poor Bell's last one, for Jones there (indicating the apoplectic gentleman) is evidently smitten; and I believe she will give in and leave me in the lurch after all, though we both always vowed to remain single."

"But another gentleman is very attentive to you," I replied, seeing that the free and easy style was the custom of the house.

"Did you, though?" said Miss White quite pleased. "Well, I rather think he has a hankering after my ten thousand pounds, but he won't get it; for I am not to be taken in with soft words and fine speeches, and intend to lead a jolly life, bound to obey no man's unreasonable whims and fancies."

While chatting thus, the door opened, and a young lady, whom I had not yet seen, entered. Her beauty could not fail to attract instant attention; her features were regular, her complexion that peculiar waxy pink and white, her eyes a clear true blue, and her hair, which was perfectly golden, was drawn in wavy luxuriance off her broad forehead, and gathered at the back in a massive coil. She was tall, with a figure of rounded proportions, and in her dress of plain black alpaca, and simple linen collar and cuffs, she looked stylish and lady-like.

"Who is that lovely girl?" I asked eagerly of Miss White.

"O, that is Miss Maitland. Her father was a poor curate, who died from overwork and starvation, and his wife soon followed, leaving this girl alone without a relation in the world, so she turned her musical talents to account, and gives lessons all day. Mrs. Wilson knew something of her, I fancy, and she has been here for the last two years, helping to amuse the boarders, and paying some very trifling sum for a home. She plays and sings very well, as you will hear presently, but until Mrs. Stacey has finished her nap the piano is not allowed to be touched."

"Miss Maitland looks sad," I remarked.

"O, as for that," she replied, "she won't be friendly with any one, but sits like a statue, without speaking. Last winter, I fancied the Captain was struck with her pretty face, but she tossed her head at him, and gave herself so many airs as though she had been a young woman of fortune, instead of a poor music teacher tramping the streets of London, and going from house to house, wet or fine, for half a crown an hour."

"Poor girl," I said compassionately. "It is a sad position for one born a lady, and endowed with beauty and talents."

"Well, so it is," said Miss White, "and that is why I say there is nothing like a good trade. Now my father rose from a mere shop-boy, but he managed to leave twenty thousand pounds behind him; and, without seeking it, I get more respect and attention, because I am independent, than the clergyman's daughter, who probably congratulates herself upon having no relations or friends in trade."

Mrs. Stacey now made her appearance, and I noticed that she gave the young musician a patronizing shake of the hand, and as soon as settled in her arm chair, called out "Now then, my dear, give us one of your pretty songs." Captain Vernon advanced to lead her to the piano, and though he had but greeted her with a bow when she first came in, he now held out his hand. She took it formally, and then intimated, that as she sang and played without notes, she would dispense with his presence at the piano.

He looked vexed and returned to his place by Lavinia's side, and began talking to her in a most animated strain. Every now and then she interrupted him with, "La, Captain Vernon, don't talk such nonsense! you make me quite vain." Then there was the mother's echo. "Now, Captain, I musn't let you excite Livy so, or she won't sleep a wink all night."—But Miss Maitland began to sing, and the hum of tongues ceased. Her voice was replete with exquisite sweetness, and she sang with such simple, unaffected taste and expression, that I introduced myself, on purpose to thank her for the treat she had given me. She seemed pleased, and accorded me a bright smile, which at once won my heart. Her office was no sinecure, for she was called upon for song after song, and looked quite weary and worn when we parted for the night.

From that first evening Hilda Maitland wound herself unconsciously round my affections in a manner that surprised myself. First, my advances of friendship were as coldly received as those of others, but at last she saw that mine was not insolent patronage, but warm liking, and then she seemed quite glad to have found a true friend.

She told me that all her life, short as it was, had been one continued chain of trials and privations; for her father had, as Miss White said, literally died of starvation, and for some time she was only able to earn very little; so that when her mother also laid down the burden of life, it was for her own loneliness only that she grieved. Now she could make sufficient to support herself, and, with strict economy, save a little; but it was hard, trying work, and a joyless life for one young and gifted.

Lavinia Primrose disliked her cordially, for she was jealous of her superior attractions, and feared her as a rival, and she sought to annoy and mortify her in every way worthy of one so narrow minded. When I had made my observations for a short time, I likewise fancied that Captain Vernon admired Hilda, but she gave him no visible encouragement, and in a sort of pettish pique he flirted with Miss Primrose, for whom it was easy to see he did not care a straw. But as Hilda never introduced the Captain's name in our conversations, I thought it better not to broach the subject either.

One morning Mrs. Wilson (who from the commencement of my sojourn in her house had seemed to think that I was an easily managed boarder) came into my room in great tribulation, to tell me that the "Primroses" threatened to leave at the end of their week, unless Miss Maitland was instantly sent away; as they considered her a low, designing person, and declared that her manner with Captain Vernon was forward and presuming.

"I cannot afford to lose two good payers, nor do I like sending the poor girl among strangers again, as I really don't think she has meant any harm" she continued; "besides, I don't believe Mrs. Colonel Stacey would like to be without music now; it is one of the things that made her come to live here."

"Tell Mrs. Primrose and her daughter that you cannot possibly comply with their request, Mrs. Wilson," I said, "for their accusations are perfectly unfounded; and should Miss Maitland have to leave in consequence I shall accompany her; for like yourself, I do not think it right to throw a beautiful young woman like her needlessly about the world; there are too many wicked one's vices to take advantage of youth and innocence. Miss Lavinia is herself the one whose conduct is improper, but my own idea is that she will never win her game. One thing, however, you may be sure of,—that they will not leave so long as Captain Vernon remains."

And thus the storm passed over; but I think Mrs. Wilson gave Hilda a few hints about what had passed, for her manner towards Vernon was more freezing than ever, though from certain signs which a woman alone can detect, I began to feel sure that she really loved him, but for some private reasons she would not allow him to see it.

After this Lavinia seemed seized with a violent friendship for Hilda, and sought her company as much as she had hitherto despised it; she even went so far as to talk of having a few singing lessons from her, but this Miss Maitland declined, on the plea that her time was fully occupied. But in spite of her drawing back Lavinia would confide to her that Captain Vernon had all but made the offer to her, and she did not think it would be long before she became Mrs. Vernon. "And do you know," she continued giggling, "at one time I was a little jealous of you, but the Captain has assured me without a cause."

"Quite so," replied Hilda, coldly, but she did not encourage further conversation.

One evening shortly after this, Mrs. Primrose addressed Hilda in a loud tone from the further end of the room saying,—

"So you would not acknowledge us this afternoon, Miss Maitland, though I bowed, and my daughter waved her hand."

"I never saw you Mrs. Primrose," she replied. "But I suppose I was walking quickly, as I usually am."

"No, not at all," replied the lady, significantly. "I mean when you were in the Park. But it was quite excusable, my dear, with such a good looking companion as you had to engross your attention. I suppose we shall be losing you soon?"

"It isn't fair of you to speak out before every one, ma," said Lavinia with a simper. "Of course Miss Maitland will tell us all about it in good time. But I must say," she added, trying to look arch, "that you are very sly about it."

Hilda blushed a deep crimson, but she replied proudly, "I really do not understand you Miss Primrose." Then catching Captain Vernon's eye fixed upon her with an expression of pain and surprise, she moved to the piano without another word.

Miss Primrose had evidently effected her object more successfully than she dared to expect; for Captain Vernon, ungenerous though it might be, was fully impressed with the notion that Hilda was meeting some one clandestinely, and her blushes and proud manner of disdaining to deny it still more confirmed the belief; though really, if he had reasoned the matter over in his own mind, he might have discovered that as she had no one to control her actions, no secrecy was needed, and if she were really engaged she could be so openly.

To me, in private, she said the whole was a fabrication, as she had never been in the Park; but she begged me to say nothing, as she merely told me, because she thought it a duty to herself and my friendship for her.

A short time after this Captain Vernon went into the country, but fixed the day and hour of his return and laughingly said he should expect us to welcome him back quite joyfully.

The day of his return arrived, but it was not till evening that he was to come. Just as we were sitting down to dinner, Mr. Jones rushed in late and informed us that there had been a fearful accident to the train by which Captain Vernon was to come; the news had been telegraphed up to London, and every one was in consternation, as the number of killed and injured was something fearful. We were all in a state of excitement and sorrow at the tidings, though many of us would not think that our frank, agreeable companion, so lately among us in health and spirits was now lying a mangled corpse or a maimed sufferer. Lavinia was supported from the room by her mother, but she recovered sufficiently to re-appear after dinner, and reclining languidly on the sofa, she alternately applied a smelling-bottle to her nose and a pocket handkerchief to her eyes, and seemed to think herself an object of interest and tender compassion.

The poor Captain's sad death might indeed be a blow to her matrimonial speculations, but if she had a heart it certainly remained untouched.

I meant to have slipped away to have broken these dreadful tidings to Hilda in the privacy of her own room, for I dreaded the effect upon her; however, just as I was contemplating making my exit, she entered, and though deadly pale, seemed calm and collected as usual. She was immediately entertained with the news, but coldly replied she had heard from the servant, and was exceedingly sorry.

This remark was so commonplace that I felt quite angry with her; but she afterwards confessed to me that she was suffering martyrdom, and a sort of supernatural strength alone prevented her from breaking down beneath her agony; but cruel eyes were fixed upon her and she knew that they would gloat over her misery, so she hid it deep, deep in the recesses of her constant heart.

Mrs. Stacey hated this kind of dullness, and asked, as usual for some music; but for once her will was resisted, every one declaring that it would be most unfeeling, and Lavinia adding that "she could not bear it." She tried to enlist Mr. Jones' services for herself, first asking him to draw her sofa a little nearer to the fire, then to fan her burning temples, and lastly to rub her hands; and all the while she cast such tender glances towards him that Miss Bella White was alarmed. Mr. Jones was worth catching, and Lavinia thought that he would do to fill the Captain's vacant place; though it was, after all, rather amusing to see how she gives us all to understand that there had been something between herself and Captain Vernon. Not that we believed it. All her blandishments, however, could not draw Mr. Jones from his allegiance to the fair Bella. Perhaps he thought her ten thousand pounds was more substantial than the large fortune which was to be Miss Primrose's portion; anyhow he performed the offices required of him very much as a bear might have done, but he would go no further. We had all relapsed into a mournful silence, only broken by an occasional snore from Mrs. Stacey, (who had grumbled herself into a second nap,) when we were startled by a loud knock at the street door, and the same thought struck us all, that it was the body of the unfortunate man being brought there, probably through some card or envelope in his pocket bearing that address. Mrs. Stacey, fully awakened, whispered in a sharp, nervous, audible tone.

"He must not be brought here. I would not stay in the house one hour with a corpse."

Mrs. Wilson had always experienced great liberality from the Captain, as she herself allowed, and was really sorry for what had occurred, but she evidently agreed with Mrs. Stacey, that the Captain living and the Captain dead was not quite the same thing; so giving a reassuring nod to the old lady she prepared to leave the room, in order to refuse admittance to the unwelcome object. Before she could reach the door, however, it was flung open, and in came Captain Vernon himself, as full of health and spirits as when he parted from us.

"Mary has just informed me of my own death," he exclaimed, gaily; "in fact she could not quite believe that I was actually flesh and blood till she had carefully inspected me by the gas lamp. She said, 'you was all awful out up,' for which I feel exceedingly flattered." Then he added more seriously—"I am thankful that I came up by an earlier train, or I might indeed now be lying a mangled corpse, like so many other poor creatures. On my arrival in town I met an old fellow-officer, who insisted upon my dining with him at his club, and though he tried hard to persuade me to linger over the wine, I was not to be enticed; for as I had told you to expect me this evening, and taking it for granted that you would all miss my society, I hastened away as soon as possible, though I had known that my friends were going to be so kindly anxious on my account, I certainly would not have subjected them to it."

We all congratulated him warmly on his providential escape; and Lavinia, thinking this a favorable moment for forcing a declaration from her dilatory swain, detained the hand he held out to her, and then went off into violent hysterics. Mrs. Primrose expressed frantic alarm, declaring that no one knew what her dear, sensitive child had suffered in the last few hours, and she implored the Captain to speak to and soothe her, and not let her lie there and die.

He looked uncomfortable, and was beginning to say something expressive of thanks for so much interest on his behalf, when his glance fell upon a prostrate figure in a dark corner of the room. We had all forgotten Hilda Maitland, and there she lay, pale and deathlike.

With Miss Primrose, I too thought—now is the time to test his real feelings; so I whispered—

"The shock of seeing you safe, after the agonizing news, has been too much for the poor girl!"

"Is this really on my account?" he replied, with a gleam of happiness lighting up his many features.

I nodded an assent.

Then heedless of wondering eyes fixed upon him, he folded her in his arms and laid her drooping head upon his breast. The scene, which was not lost upon Lavinia, made her redouble her shrieks; and her mother, seeing her game was up, became positively abusive.

"Bring her up to my room," I whispered to Captain Vernon, pointing to the still unconscious Hilda, "for it will not do for her to hear all this abominable language."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Merton," he replied, huskily, and lifting his precious burden tenderly as an infant, he carried her up in his strong arms and laid her upon my bed. Mrs. Wilson followed, and begged him to go back and just say a few words to Lavinia; but he sternly refused, declaring that Miss Primrose never had been, and never would be, anything to him. So our good hostess was obliged to go away in despair, saying, "If poor dear Mr. Wilson only knew all the troubles and annoyances she had to endure, he would not rest in his grave."

I in my turn, began to victimize the poor man, and immediately we were alone I said,—

"Captain Vernon, I take a warm interest in this poor girl, and for her sake I wish to know how all this is to end?"

"By her becoming my wife," he interrupted quickly; "at least," he added with sudden bitterness, "if she be free,—a fact which I must doubt."

I reassured him on this point by telling him that the story the "Primroses" told that day was all a fabrication, intended to mislead him, but I firmly believed that the injured girl cared only for him. At this moment she opened her large blue eyes, and as her glance fell upon Vernon they lost their terrified expression and closed again as if satisfied, while she murmured, with a sigh of relief, "Safe! safe!"

This was a stronger proof than any surmises of mine; and the delighted lover clasped her to him and exclaimed:

"Hilda! My own darling! You love me in spite of your cruel coldness, and now that I know it, nothing shall come between us. You are mine!"

Perhaps it was against the strict rules of propriety,—but I was not accustomed to English society,—so my readers must not judge my morals harshly, when I confess, that at this point I became deeply interested in what was passing without, and I allowed the lovers to whisper their mutual tale of doubts and fears, hope and happiness; while, with my face glued against the window at the other end of the room, I sought to distinguish the dusky figures who were threading their way through the dim, dismal looking streets on that dreary November night. At length I discovered that lovers are the most selfish creatures in the world, and might have kept my station all night for aught they cared; so I confronted them and requested the Captain to make his adieus. But before I could get rid of the tiresome fellow, he would make all sort of pretty speeches, which silly little Hilda echoed. At last he went, and I insisted upon the excited girl sharing my bed with me instead of returning to her own attic.

At an early hour the next morning Mrs. and Primrose decamped, saying they could not possibly remain another day in a house where such proceedings were allowed. Mrs. Wilson was consoled for their loss by the Captain's assurance that, as he was the cause, she should not be any sufferer; and I suspect she was, on the contrary, a very considerable gainer.

* * * * * *

Christmas Day came in clear and frosty, and very, very pleasantly we spent it, having unanimously agreed to refuse all invitations. After dinner, under the protection of a piece of mistletoe, the Captain ventured to kiss the ladies all around, beginning with Mrs. Col. Stacey (who received the salute most graciously, coming from military lips,) and ending, last but not least with his fair betrothed. A little later, under the exhilarating influence of whisky punch, Messrs Jones and Brown intimated that they should likewise avail themselves of the privelege of the season; but as the proposal was not encouraged, Jones was satisfied with paying this delicate attention to his charming Bella, and Brown commenced and ended with the buxom hostess, who was much gratified, and would doubtless have been more so had Miss White appeared at all jealous.

On New Year's day I dressed dear Hilda in her bridal robes, and very beautiful she looked. She had made objections, declaring that she was too poor and humble to wed with one well-born and rich; but he reminded her that she was a lady, and that was all his friends cared about, and that she possessed his deepest affection and gave him hers in return, and that was all he cared about. The only point he would yield was to having the wedding quite private.

Every one in the house presented the bride with some little parting gift. Mrs. Stacey, always grand, extracted from the depth of a huge chest a very handsome but antiquated Indian scarf. As a poor, toiling, striving music teacher, an orphan and unknown in the world, Hilda Maitland met with no sympathy or kindness from the very people who suddenly evinced the warmest friendship for her when she was about to become a rich and happy wife, and needed it not.

Mr. Jones followed the good example, and brought his courtship to a speedy conclusion, so Miss Bella White became Mrs. Jones, and the happy couple went to reside at Islington. The city gentleman (Mr. Brown) falling in his attempts to induce Miss White to sacrifice her freedom, turned his attention to Widow Wilson, who was not such a bad speculation after all, and they very shortly united their incomes and interests in the bonds of matrimony,—the widow declaring that "her late lamented husband would rest more quietly in his grave if he knew she had found another protector."

My husband returned some months earlier than I anticipated, so we settled in a home of our own, and have since had the pleasure of entertaining Captain and Mrs. Vernon, and their infant son.

Lavinia Primrose, I hear, is at last successful in her matrimonial attempts, and is about to become Baroness von Schlossenhausen. The Baron is a bearded, middle-aged, smoking German, and says that he has hitherto been unjustly kept out of his hereditary rights, which causes him a little inconvenience in the matter of ready money. But all this will shortly be at an end, and he intends to conduct his bride to "Castle Schlossenhausen," where, he adds, her charming mother will always be an honored and welcome guest.

The Baron is not quite indifferent to the fair Lavinia's large fortune, so it is to be hoped he will realize it; and as she is in her place much elated at the idea of acquiring a title, and living as mistress of a real castle, we trust that she may not, when too late, discover that, like many of the "Chateaux d'Espagne," her husband's ancestral home is but a heap of ruins.

Miscellaneous.

Mr. Emerson in his Home at Concord.

It is only ten o'clock in the morning, so if you like we will enter the low wooden gate, and, passing through the checker-board garden, rap at the old oaken doorway. Our summons is soon answered, and we are ushered into a wide, open hall, by a prim serving-woman, who seems a strange compound of steel springs, Oswego starch, and the neatest of Yankee calico. We look about us and notice a dingy paper on the walls, an old-fashioned hat-stand, garnished with a broad-brimmed beaver and a big cotton umbrella near by; and beyond, a wide, half-naked stairway, leading to the upper story.

But the door at the right now opens, and we are face to face with the great oracular philosopher.—There is a smile around his mouth, a pen behind his ear, and two or three great daubs of ink on as many of his fingers; but he holds out his hands, and saying, "Come in, come in, I am glad to see you," leads the way into the front apartment. It is a low-studded room, about twenty feet square, with a modest carpet on the floor, and the same ugly paper on the walls; but this is now half hidden by a score or more of portraits and engravings. In the centre of the room is a round table, on which are some books and pamphlets, an ink-stand and a few quires of ordinary pocket post paper. Near the table is an empty arm-chair, and scattered about on the floor and under the chairs are perhaps a dozen sheets of freshly-written manuscript.

The philosopher has been at work; and these neatly penned sheets are a part of his next winter's lyceum lecture. We look at them and, finding that we may have out some great thought asunder right in the middle, we remark:—

"You are engaged. We will run over to Alcott's, and come again after dinner."

"No, no," he answers; "stay now; a little talk will brush me up; my ideas flow slowly this morning." And then adding, "But let us go out of this dew," he leads the way on again into a rear apartment.

This room is of the same size as the other, but it looks out upon green fields, and odorous with all the spring flowers. All sorts of odd knick-knacks cover the walls, and litter up the corners; and on two sides are open shelves, filled with old volumes, in antique bindings, or no bindings at all. These are the philosopher's stones by which he turns base metal into gold,—rare old tomes, chronicles, romaunts, quaint poetry, and precious books in black-letter, holding within their faded leaves the inspiration of many a bygone century.

But he points us to some chairs by the window, and then setting himself down, opens his mouth, and pours forth a mingled stream of poetry, proverb and transcendentalism. This lasts a quarter of an hour by the clock, and in the mean while we manage to wedge in only a word or two; but before he gets through; the philosopher has guaged us as accurately as a licenced gauger would measure a whiskey barrel. He has the exact quality and quantity of the whole of us—hoops, staves and spiritual contents.

One forgets Emerson's world-wide renown as an author when he listens to the rare music of his conversation. He is the king of talkers and the prince of hosts, ever attractive, cordial and courteous, and seeming to understand the particulars tastes and prejudices of every one of his guests by a sort of magical intuition. His studies occupy the early part of the day, but the latter portion he spends with nature, and may be seen almost any afternoon roaming the woods and fields in the picturesque vicinity of Concord. In the evenings, however, the cheerful drawing-room at the left of the hall is lighted up, and those fortunate enough to have the *entree* may there meet the world-renounced host, and forget that they are speaking with one of the crowned heads of literature in listening to the genial friend, the kind neighbor, and the polished gentleman.—*New York Evening Gazette.*

Reasons for going to College.

About fifty thousand young men in these United States are students in colleges. About one fortieth of the entire male population, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one years, are enrolled on the college books. Not more than two-thirds of these complete the course of study upon which they have entered, so as to become alumni of a college. In this estimate we do not include the students in academies, high schools, and seminaries, which embrace perhaps as many more of the same age, but we confine our attention to colleges. Nor do we include in this estimate the great body of students of medicine, law, and theology, but simply undergraduates. We find here an army at least fifty thousand strong.

Perhaps a hundred thousand young men are now deliberating whether or not to "go to college," and for the advantage of this great multitude of young men is this article written.

To answer this question, consider a few facts. These facts illustrate a principle.

In Lanman's "Dictionary of the United States Congress," published in 1864, the names and short biographies of three thousand eight hundred and ninety-two men (if we count aright) are given, who have been members of the United States Congress, from 1789 to 1864. Of more than one thousand of them it is expressly stated that they were educated (probably some of them in college), and of many no information is given except the date of their office and the States which they represented, the fact whether they were educated or not being unknown, while a considerable number reached their honorable position by the reputation acquired by success in military pursuits. Colleges are now more numerous relatively to population than formerly, and we are sure, from careful investigation of the matter, that considerably less than one in a hundred of the men in the country have been graduates of colleges.

Following the general average, therefore, less than one in a hundred of the members of Congress should have been educated in college; but the fact shows more than one in three, perhaps nearly one in every two! This fact deserves attention.

In like manner, according to the general average, only one in a hundred of our Presidents of the United States should have been educated in college, and it would not have been strange if as yet not one such person had been chosen; but in fact, of the fourteen men elected directly as presidents, all but five were graduates of college, and three of the five non-graduates owed their influence to their reputation as military leaders acquired in war, and the fourth, Abraham Lincoln, not able to go to college, surmounted difficulties by hard work, and made himself a statesman and an orator, and to a large extent a scholar. Nine out of fourteen is the number educated in college, instead of one in a hundred! The same thing would be found true of governors, judges, and other such officers.

Again take such a book as Alibone's History of Authors, and as you cast your eye over the catalogue of distinguished names, observe that nearly all of them have been educated in universities. All preachers, physicians, lawyers, teachers and editors, at least, should have a systematic education equal to that obtained in college.—*Rev. E. O. Haven, President University of Michigan, in New York Ledger.*

An Allegory of Life.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said "what is the matter, little leaf?" And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me on and throw me down to die on the ground!" The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to." And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till October.

And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant? and the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy." Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said: "Oh, branch, why are you lead color and we golden?" "We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over." Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.—*Beecher.*

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Bangor, May 13th, 1867. 24tf

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